





Christmas Eve

Swirling, twirling, whirling down,
Frozen diamonds fall from high,
Purple midnight shrouds the land,
Vagrant breezes sough and sigh.
But hark — upon the night so still
A muffled pounding now we hear,
Behold — the rider comes in view,
His sled, his bag, his prancing deer.
O happy night for youth and age,
It comes at end of twelve-month pause.
The morrow, loud with shouts of joy
"We've had a call from Santa Claus."
The Staff









THE DIAMOND

Written, edited and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary

with the permission of

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FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

Motto: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

The cover was designed and lino-cut made by Nick Gabanicz



COLLIN'S BAY DEC. -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

(Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan, M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.... A Philosopher

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HRISTMAS, to all Christians, was the beginning of their belief, the birth of Christ. This great birth of Christianity took place nineteen hundred and fifty-six years ago. The story of the birth is very well known to everyone and has been masterfully recounted by many great and gifted writers: this rank amateur shall not attempt to go into this wonderfully moving tale. However, two portions of the saga will never cease to give us food for thought. The first, the patient plodding and pleading of Joseph and Mary to find a place to rest and bear their child. The second, the humble surroundings into which this exceptional person was born: and how grateful the parents were to gain the shelter of the then humble stable, later to be venerated by Christians everywhere.

The parents, no doubt, were extremely perturbed and perplexed at their lack of success in finding accommodations. Shelter was imperative for the birth of their first child was imminent. They tried every type of inn and household to gain the shelter they so urgently needed. We can well imagine their relief when at last the innkeeper offered all he had, a stable. This concern of parents undoubtedly flourished before this magnificent birth, and we know it has flourished, and by careful cultivation, spread, and is now quite an accepted part of our civilization. The preparation for the arrival of a child, the clothes, the added accessories, and the arrangements for lying in—all part of birth.

But how many parents, even during the worst of our housing shortage, had to make shrift with having their first-born meet the world in a stable? How many to-be parents can look back on a tiring and tricky journey to their destination, the pre-ordained town where the world's Saviour was to be born? All for a beginning. In all probability it was a first in the life of the innkeeper of his stable. The use of a manger to hold the Child.

A beginning, the birth of a new belief, the commencement of Christianity. The arrival of the three wise men and their gifts, the first Christmas gifts. A beginning. Their guide, a star, an unfaltering sign to lead directly to where the Infant lay.

So is it not natural to use Christmas Day as the day to make a new start? Why News Year's Day? Granted, it is the start of a New Year, a beginning, but how colourless this beginning seems when compared to the beginning of Christianity.

To many of us in the past New Year's Day was a day to start living a list of resolutions, a list that was long, cumbersome and boring, written, in many cases, at the insistence of a family group or an interested collection of friends. Now, once the list was put on paper, we started our journey into the new year, a journey whose route was trail-marked by the gradual casting off of the resolutions so easily made on New Year's Day. Instead of patiently and tirelessly plodding along on the trip through the year we took the line of least resistance. We did not reach our objective even the humble stable beyond our aimless way of travelling — we failed. Our beginning was thwarted before we even got started. And yet our journey through a year, or for that matter, through our span of life, is a very simple and uncomplicated jaunt compared to that of the Christ-child's parents.

Again, to get back to the beginning and a journey, the beginning of gift giving, the faith and trust the three gift-bearers from the East exhibited, and the patience they possessed, all should be an example. Their unquestioning and unerring star-led journey, an odyssey fraught with peril and the guileless questioning of others, not seeking to bring gifts but misfortune should make our initial steps into a new year and our subsequent ramble through the three hundred and sixty five days seem like a pleasurable picnic jaunt.

A New Year In The Big House

Ray Smith

Y name is John Dodge, I'm a reporter for the City Tabloid. In the past ten III years I've covered everything from weddings to elections. This New Year's Day I have orders to get a good human intesest story; the paper wants to start the New Year on the tender side.

Well, where does one get a human interest story on New Year's Day? We gave the kids in the slums a big spread at Christmas. After covering the city's three hospitals and marking them off my list, I went back to the office. What next? I doubt that the public would be interested in the city jail at New Year's. What about the penitentiary? It's only a thirty mile drive and I can be there by supper.

The Warden gave me the run of the prison for the evening, he was going to a New Year's Eve party. Inside Heartbreak Hotel the prisoners were picking up their evening meal and carrying their trays of food through a maze of corridors to their cells. I could see the food would be cold by the time some of the men reached their cells. I wonder what it's like to eat a cold dinner on Christmas or New Year's? I'm glad I ate on the road.

As I walked along the range of cell blocks I

could not help but think of the zoo. The night guard had just given out the mail, and one of the prisoners was laughing at a letter from his wife. She was going to leave him and wanted a divorce. I asked him: "If your wife wants a divorce, why are you laughing?" He looked at me for a minute and said: "In here you can either laugh or cry, but neither do any good." I could see he was closer to crying than laughing.

Further up the range a man was shaving in cold water — they don't have hot water in the cells. Other men were just lying on their bunks, listening to the New Year's music on the earphones. I rember one kid doing ten years — he was sitting on his bunk looking at photographs of his family. I asked him what he was thinking about, and he said: "I'm trying to picture what Mom will look like in ten years." I had had enough and started back for the city.

Back at the office I typed out a great human interest story. From my desk I could hear the happy voices of the people on the street. A New Year, a new story. I only hope there are still some humans interested in human interest.



Turkey has a lonely taste, On the Christmas Day, Without loving hands to baste All the loneliness away. Was he jesting — he who placed On this card a holly spray? From Christmas dinner at Child's by Wilson MacDonald

CHRISTMAS, A BEGINNING (CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

We have tried the traditional way of making milestones of them through the early weeks of the year. So this year leave us try something different, something that may work. Why not make a real beginning on Christmas Day, a fresh start? Give ourselves a gift, a gift of a full year of decent living. The journey through

the new year can be rough or just as easy as you yourself wish to make it. But there is one thing to remember, the first beginning was in a stable, the first gift-bearers were guided by a star and the Saviour had parents. All these still exist as examples for us, stables, stars gift-bearers, parents — and Christ.



I'll Be Home For Christmas

Anonymous

December 25th, 1956

Dear Mom:

I don't know how to start this letter because it has bad news, but I guess I had better tell you the bad news first and then how I am taking it. I am in jail. Now you know why I didn't come home as I promised I would.

I am sorry, Mom, to have to write you this kind of a letter, but I am writing it on Christmas Day because that has always been the day you and I had together alone in the old days, and when we could tell each other just what was in our hearts and what we hoped for the future. It seemed that it was the only day we had time to talk to each other didn't it?

Here's how I got into trouble. Just a few months ago I met a fellow at a party and he asked me if I had a girl there. I told him I was alone but had been asked by a girl at the warehouse. He said he had just broken off and was finished with women for at least two years. He asked me where I lived and if I'd like him to move in and share the expenses. I told him I'd think it over and meet him the next night and give him my answer. He seemed like a real good guy.

I thought it over and spoke to the landlady at breakfast and she was all for it. As you know, I had the double room and she said I was too much alone. I met Jim that night and we ate and went to a show. I told him it was fine with me and he would be welcome. Jim was very glad and said he would move in on Saturday. He moved in on July 15th.

I guess I was stupid or something, but when his clothes arrived he had nine real new suits,

all worth about one hundred bucks each. He had scads of ties and shirts and everything, and he really dazzled me. When I asked him where he got all his loot he said his father sent him five hundred dollars a month. That's when I should have become suspicious of him, but as I say, I guess I was just nuts.

Everything went fine for a few months and you couldn't have met a nicer fellow. We'd go to the Y together for handball and a swim, then to a show or dance. I introduced him to some of the girls from the office. He was very popular because he is good looking and a real spender. I hate to admit it, Mom, but the reason I never mentioned him to you before is because most of the dough I have sent you and said I was getting raises, he gave me. He said his old man was loaded and he wanted to share it with me because I was his only friend. He also convinced me it would make you happy and proud of me. Oh, what a fool I was!

I haven't space to tell you all the story because I only have two pages in here, and that's a privilege for Christmas. I also want to tell you something at the end of the letter, just between you and me. In any event, it turns out that Jim, my friend — what a laugh — had been stealing the money from where he worked and had been cooking the books somehow. I didn't know anything at all until the cops came to the house two weeks ago last Sunday and asked for me. Mrs. Twist, the landlady, called me down and when I saw them I was sure Jim had been in an accident because he hadn't been home since Friday night. I had called the hospitals on Saturday about him but could get no news. The coppers

asked me some questions, and no matter how much I tried to explain, they took me down to the station.

At the station I told them everything and they accused me of knowing the money was stolen. I called them liars and got my face slapped twice for that. No matter what I said they wouldn't believe me and locked me up for the night. The next morning I came up in court and I was charged with receiving stolen goods. Isn't that a laugh? I was remanded for trial and spent the time in this jail. It's not good but I guess it could be worse.

Well, Mom, brace yourself for the bad news. When I came up for trial on Thursday I pleaded innocent, but they convicted me of receiving and gave me a year. I got a lawyer but he said it looked pretty hopeless because I had actually got the money from Jim and they wouldn't believe I didn't know it was stolen. So that's the bad news Mom, and I don't know how you are going to feel about it. There doesn't seem much I can do, does there?

Gee. Mom, I cannot tell you how I feel about all this. I guess I've only kidded myself that I'm a big shot and I don't know what to tell you about the lies I've told you about the money. Will you forgive me? I know you will, but I want to hear from you just as soon as you get this letter. Do that will you Mom? Now I want to tell you the personal part, the part just for you and me.

There is only one visit a month in the prison where I am going, and with you working and being so far away, you couldn't come here anyway. Not only that, but I only do about ten months for the year I got, and I have three days in already! Not bad going huh? I should be out around the end of October so I'll be home for Christmas — next year. Here is what I am doing and what I want you to do.

I was convicted and sentenced on Thursday, so yesterday, the day before Christmas, I just imagined it was last year again and I did in my mind all the things we did last year. You remember how we went down town and had our breakfast in the coffee shop? Then we went up to Toyland and saw all the

kids meeting Santa Claus and having their pictures taken seated on his knee. Then you remember we went and you bought me two shirts and the tie and socks? I had the one shirt on when I was arrested, and it is in my belongings here. Oh yes, Mrs. Twist is going to send my things home to you. She sent me five bucks for Christmas for tobacco. We order it twice a week.

Then last year you remember we had lunch in the big restaurant and it took two hours? After that we went and I bought you the dress and the purse. Do you still keep the purse for best? Poor Mom, I guess I can't send you any more money for a while. Oh yes, then we went to a show and after that to the hotel for supper and you had two drinks. I remember how you really thought you were living it up. When we got home you wanted me to go out with some of the kids but I said I was beat. Remember?

Seriously, Mom, I enjoyed that whole day with you last year more than anything I ever did, and only now do I have time to realize how much. So instead of being in the cooler yesterday, I imagined I was with you at home last year. I am going to do the same all day today and imagine it is Christmas last year. I remember everything we did and I know you will too. So this day will pass quickly I guess.

I am getting close to the end of my space in this letter, so I'd better close. Don't worry about me at all, Mom, and look after yourself. Do the same as I intend to and imagine that we are together again like last year. Christmas always makes you think of these things doesn't it? I think it is a good idea just thinking of all the pleasant times we've had and it will make the unhappy days real fast. You do the same and it won't be long. What's a year?

Be sure to write just as soon as you can, and tell me you forgive me — and love me like always. I can write once a week and will do that. I love you, Mom, and always will. Keep your chin up.

Your loving son, Frank

P.S. Merry Christmas, Mom, and I'll be home for Christmas — next year.

Two men looked through prison bars — One saw mud; the other stars.

A PRAYER FOR A CHILD

From here on earth From my small place I ask of You Way out in space: Please tell all men In every land What You and I Both understand......

Please tell all men That Peace is Good. That's all That need be understood In every world In your great sky. (We understand, Both You and I.)

Taken from COLLIER'S

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Today was gone so soon, and though I know That you will find it harder, much, than I, Yet e'en this awful time must soon be gone, And when it ends you'll find me waiting here. I know that now the road ahead is dark; I can't be there to help you on the way; But always I'll be there within your heart With thought and letters: Even will I pray
To make it shorter. Though the night be long
Trust in my love which ever yours shall be, And someday, when this separation's done We'll start anew, somewhere we'll be free. By Claire

SANTA'S ODYSSEY

On Christmas Eve, throughout the land, Children wait for old Saint Nick, Wooed to sleep by the Man of Sand, And dreaming dreams that pass so quick.

Their oceaned thoughts wade out to space, Sighting a sleigh just passing Mars, The beams of joy on each sleeping face Light reindeers dodging fast-shooting stars.

A mammoth laugh from the man in Red As he steps from the richly laden sleigh, Delights young hearts who, still abed, Dream of the morn: Christ's birthday.

Then to each stocking hung with care He toes about in silent glee, Giving of his worldly fare, As childish hearts grasp unselfishly.

Then boarding once more his horn-drawn train That bolts in a flash to the endless sky, The angels chorus a sweet refrain, Glorifying a day that will never die. Keith Munro

SCREENED CHRISTMAS

No sound of toys throughout the building, No fireplace with wreath and fancy gilding, But each face was strangely bright, Suffused with spirit and Christmas light.

The greetings were many and quite sincere, As they exchanged banter and Christmas cheer, They spoke of from whom they'd received cards, And passed on to all the Season's regards.

One disconcerting factor, and ever to be seen, Was the width of the ever-present screen, Too wide to keep out bees and flies, Not wide enough to let out the guys. Gunner

EARLY CHRISTMAS MORNING

Dim against the night sky the cathedral bulked, Along the darkened street a figure skulked: It turned and mounted the hallowed stairs, Entered, and kneeling, unburdened his cares.

Far from his own land in country foreign, The Expatriate kneels on Christmas morn: And though throughout the year he shows no resentment,

Comes Christmas-tide — he loses contentment. Gunner

SMALL THINGS

Two things at Christmas-tide arouse my ire, One, the folks who merry make round artificial fire,

Two, the publishers and writers, who alas, Insist on spelling it Xmas.

The first, if I get the chance by ruse, I quietly scheme to blow the fuse, For the second group I'd really require, The first group's extra large electrical fire. Gunner

YE OLDE BARBER SHOPPE Did you ever enter a barber-shop And find a vacant chair? Or have to wait an hour or two To have someone cut your hair?
And when at last you got a seat,
You said I'll have a shave,
And the razor was dull and pulled a lot, And you cried though you tried to be brave, So with neck cut, bleeding and painfully sore, You paid the gent and made for the door, With one thought in mind, This place, nevermore.

Rick Windsor



THE WINDMILL IN THE SNOW

Land sails outstretched as though in prayer, Designed to turn the mill from vagrant air: Rest now in sylvan setting, snow covered, 'Tis Christmas, and the world has peace recovered.

The stars shine down and spread their light, On this eternally holy night:
From labour, man and mill each seek surcease, On the Infant's birthday, Day of Peace.
Gunner

GUEST EDITORIAL BY SANTA CLAUS



Editor's Note: We have been privileged to present guest editorials in two recent issues by two prominent Canadians, and it is our intention to continue to present such contributions in future. Without detracting in any way from the pride we experience in such marks of favour by these two contributors, we feel we have achieved a world-wide first in presenting an editorial by Santa Claus. This gentleman has recently arrived in Toronto to open his Court of Joy for the weeks from now to Christmas, and has forwarded the following, to be used in this, our Christmas issue. Any comment by us on this gentleman's fame or benefactions would be superfluous embellishment. Herewith, therefore, his Christmas message. *********

ECAUSE of the peculiar profession to which I have been called by destiny, I have but one chance each year to see and speak with my people all over the world. For this very reason, therefore, what I say must be from the heart, precise and potent. This is my message to men in prison.

I have visited young and old, poor and wealthy, humble and exalted: I have spoken with everyone who has been born since the birth of Christ nearly two thousand years ago. I have seen everyone in this world, but there is one man I have not been able to find-a bad man. Is there a bad person in the world? In my opinion—and I think I speak from enough experience — a bad person is a dead person. As long as a man is living he has a chance to do better, and be it his first chance, or second, or hundredth, it is never too late to learn. In the many hundreds of years I have been visiting men in prison at Christmas-time, I have listened to many millions of wild tales, but never have I told these men that they were forsaken: rather have I tried to convince them that they were being given a chance to do better. Religious stories may become unfashionable from time to time, but they are never oldfashioned. The Christmas story is a religious story, and as I am the ambassador of Christmas, I repeat to you the tale I have told

prisoners for nearly two thousand years.

On one of my first journeys at Yuletide, I was in Switzerland and I saw an old sheperd with his flock on a grassy slope, 'way down in the valley. It was very warm down there for me but I wanted to talk with him, so I went to where he sat watching his sheep. I spoke with him for a while, then I noticed one lamb with a leg in splints. I asked the sheperd what had happened to this sheep lying beside him, and he told me he had broken its leg. I was surprised at his cruelty and asked him why he had done this thing to a dumb animal. He told me that this one sheep would never follow with the flock but was always straying to the edge of the precipice to get some lush grass that grew there. There was always the danger that it would plunge over, and as sheep are great followers, he feared the whole herd might plunge after that one disobedient animal. In order to save that one animal and keep the entire flock from disaster, the sheperd had broken its leg. At first the sheep was angry and had tried to bite him when he offered it food and drink, but he let it lie and suffer for a time. Later, when he came with food and water, it would lick his hands gratefully. He told me it would soon be well and would never again disobey him: it would stay near his side because it had learned, through its suffering, that he loved it and only acted for its good. And it would always be an example to the other sheep.

So, my prisoners at Christmas, if the Great Shepherd has let some hard experience come to you, it may be the chance to do better I have told you to expect. You cannot always have sunshine in your life, and you must be able to weather the storm as you enjoy the calm. Look to tomorrow.

As my old friend, Bill Shakespeare, said to me two or three hundred years ago: "Come what may, time and the hour will out the roughest day."

See you again, boys-some place-next year.



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



TIME. Statesville, Illinois. We enjoyed your August-September issue and we feel we know Riddell-30761. At any rate his story entitled Ce La Vie was enjoyed by all our staff and while we are handing out the Orchids your editorial entitled, Seducers of Young Men and Old, rates a real mention. W.E. Belcher's Cell-Shocked and Joe Russano's Olee, Olee, Urchin Free, were both worthy of mention in our eyes. Taking the issue as a whole we feel it was all good Penal Press. So from us Canucks to you Yankees, A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

THE NEW COLONY. Commonwealth of Massachusetts. October issue of yours is here and we agree whole-heartedly with your editorial. The idea of running a whole issue of reprints is very good Penal Press and certainly gives great circulation to the chosen articles. A Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

THE SPOKESMAN. State of Georgia. We were going to be very familiar and call you "crackers" but we were not sure how you would take it. Sincerely hope you don't mind a bit of praise from us northerners. Prison Industries we read with interest and we feel exactly as you do. BUT, it seems the trade unions would object, not to mention manufacturers for no matter how small the output would be there would be cause for some disgruntled union leader or someone looking for a cause to champion to take up the shout against it. G.C. Worth should be given a pat on the back for Hysterical History. Miss Mary Helen Shattles runs a nice progressive little column and we feel the feminine touch dresses a magazine up considerably. So far now we extend to you and your staff A Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

PEN-O-RAMA. St. Vincent De Paul Penitentiary. Congratulations to A.J.P. on winning the essay contest with "Overcoming Obstacles On The Road To Rehabilitation," we may later, with your permission reprint it. Now as to your October issue — the editorial was excellent. The Mark of a Man we enjoyed. Listening To The Radio made us realize, "it happens here too." The Last Question is exactly how we feel. We are Lucky Just The Same, how true, how true We enjoy Yesterday and Tomorrow and feel your photographer is a real wizard. You can be sure of real support from us, we enjoy your ef-

forts. Merry Christmas and to your French lads, Joyeux Noel.

TERRESCOPE. Terre Haute, Indiana. We feel that Raymond E. Adams has turned out a very well written and interesting autumn edition. The small insertion entitled In Whose Opinion has plenty of merit and unfortunately it is too true in these places. They all want to have so much to say about everything that is going on yet when you ask any of them for a workable idea, a suggestion, or as in your case, the answer to a question, what happens? It requires a bit of an effort so it is too much trouble, result, the project fails, But from us to you A Merry Christmas and we appreciate your efforts.

ENCOURAGER. State of Indiana. How are you John Parnell, we salute you for your Capital Punishment editorial. What the Penal Press needs is more of this type of writing. Your photos are very good and wished our budget would stand for more than we have being having. The Road I Know was exceptional as was Escape and a general round of applause for Man, Be Yourself. Tell me, is Robert Havens for real, we could do with a few like him up here, maybe we could arrange a trade? See what he says about it will you? Before we close, A Merry Christmas to you and all your staff.

RAIFORD RECORD. Florida State. For a moment you had us puzzled, that cover depicting a golf course made us wonder. However we read the description about the cover and we were disappointed. We were going to start a campaign to start one here. This will probably bore you, you seem to get so many compliments, but once more you folks have one helluva edition. We thoroughly enjoy each issue. Mac's Florida an industrial Behemoth gave us an urge to pack up and go south. He is wasting his time. He should be in the advertising game. Your artistically illustrated Christopher Columbus was a real gem. Why not make a monthly feature out of this type effort, 'twould be popular we are quite sure. Last but certainly not least your editorial, "Beauts" hit the spot with us and want to compliment you highly on it. Well, Merry Christmas and freedom in the New Year.

To all the editors and editorials staffs, you too John Brown, we wish A merry Christmas and the New Year.

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Nothing spoils a romance so much as a sense of humour in the woman. Of course you can always try giving her an inexpensive Christmas gift.

THE INFORMER

Bill Jones

NE of the problems that is a night-mare to the writers and publishers of a monthly magazine is that of printing a story that has broken between the time one issue has gone to press and the next issue comes from press. Usually anywhere from five to eight weeks elapse before news that is really 'hot' can be related or commented upon, and all too often the magazine has to publish a version of the original story to a 'cold' reading public.

It would indeed be a clairvoyant who could imagine a story and have it in the hands of his readers, then have his fabrication materialize by the actual happening. Nobody we know is such a seer, and certainly the penal press does not provide the scope for such experimentation.

However, one does get the odd break, and while we cannot claim that the publication of our comment will be less than some four weks after the incident we discuss has hit the newspapers, our object is to point up a moral.

As we write these lines, it is the last week in October, and the incident we wish to relate has just been published in the newspapers. When you read these lines, they will be in our December issue, close to Christmas we hope — the day which for two thousand years has meant Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men. Because of this we feel our comment could not be more timely.

In a smaller city some thirty miles east of Toronto, a man has been working steadily for six years at one job. He is well respected by his employer and fellow workers, and his integrity has been such that one man has partnered him in the purchase of a home. He has been a law-abiding citizen for half a dozen years, earning increased responsibility, trust and advancement, and generally an asset to any business and community. He is the type of man that makes this and any country a good place in which to live.

Is it possible that some time in this man's past there has been something of which he is ashamed? If there is, those with whom he is presently associated don't know of it, and if they did, would it make any difference to them? We think not. Are men less than the

beasts that they should cast out a friend because he once was not as he is now? God says otherwise, and men are His children. Let us examine the situation further.

It now transpires that there has been an episode in this man's life that was against the law. For this he was arrested, but before coming to trial, he escaped from jail. From that time to the present he has lived by work, not his wits, and how much longer he could have continued can only be surmised, but if his work record is used as the yardstick, we think he would have carried on to a pension.

At this point, stop and visualize the handicaps under which he has re-established himself socially. He had to secure work for himself without a reference, he has carried on mentally and physically with the dread of the law tapping at his door any hour of the day or night, and worst of all, the possibility of some 'friend' informing on him. The bulk of his achievement has been possible because he changed his name to that of a deceased man, but who can tell why he did it? It may have been the act of cupidity, but it could have been through necessity. You can trust a man's soul but you cannot trust his desperation.

To come back to our story. One of his fears has been realized — he has been informed on. The police have been told of his true identity and he has been re-arrested and awaits trial. The police do not reveal the identity of his betrayer, but our friend is of the opinion it is a relative! Nauseated by this thought though you may be, we would like to continue.

This man's employer has come forward and praised him in the most laudable manner, and has very definitely stated that he will continue to keep him in his service. His fellow workers are surprised but not hurt, and are as one in standing behind him. Everyone who has worked with him are advocating and hoping for a suspended sentence so that he may continue the way of life he has earned. Such spontaneous loyalty bespeaks something very fine and genuine on the part of both donors and recipient.

We have no intention of praising the man now awaiting trial for his action that first brought him in contact with the law, but we do feel very strongly that he should be given very careful consideration at this time. There can be little merit in any sentence being imposed that will sweep away all he has strived for and accomplished. If he is put on suspended sentence, the ends of justice can still be served and he saved as a useful citizen. "The quality of mercy is not strained."

How, we wonder, will the presiding judge or magistrate feel regarding this man? in our opinion, that personage will be confronted by a problem the handling of which will go far to keep the law the handmaiden of justice, and nobody will argue the morality of that democratic heritage. When all the evidence is weighed and pondered, and all the factors involved assessed, we believe this dispenser of the law will extend clemency.

In the last place, and deservedly so, falls the zealous fourth member of this tragedy, the man or woman who revealed his identity to the police. Here indeed is a study in human frailty. What is the motive behind such an action? Has this man — for so we are forced to term it — been motivated by spite, or vengeance, or malice? Has he been nursing a grudge or imagined grievance? Has he been hurt by the accused? Most important, did he approach his prey prior to his betrayal? Can it be possible — and God help him — that he simply felt he should deal this foul blow in the public interest? If by any wild flight of fancy he was prompted by this last impulse, he is symbolic of the Dark Ages, the Spanish Inquisition, or the Gestapo of Hitlerite Germany. He is certainly not living in twentieth century North America.

Victor Hugo in his immortal classic Les Miserables, points out a case that our informer parallels. For twenty years an ex-convict, Jean Valjean, lived an exemplary and noble life. He ,too, lived this portion of his existence under an assumed name. Unfortunately, his disguise was penetrated by an avid police inspector, Javert, and from the moment he recognised his unfortunate victim, he stalked, haunted and persecuted him relentlessly. Over a prolonged period the inspector recognised so

many sterling qualities in one he despised above all others — an ex-convict — and by comparison so much utterly unworthy in himself, that in a blaze of revulsion and frustration he suicided.

We read with horror of the operations and machinations taking place in police states through the world, even today, and the important role played therein by informers. We breathe a fervent 'thank God' that such infamy and despicable characters have never been part of our nation, and take care that infiltration of these beasts and their jackals shall not be possible. Realization now that an informer is actually within our own gates makes us ill.

Before these comments are printed, we shall have learned the disposition of the accused man. We can only suppose what it may be and hope for the best for him. If justice and mercy prevail, he and we have no worry. Insofar as the informer is concerned, the less we have to say of him the more charitable we will be. We should like, however, to conclude our article by asking him a few questions.

First, did you inform your victim that you were compelled by conscience to betray him to the police? This should have been relatively easy because of your chosen profession as informer.

Second, can you reconcile your action and its consequences with the way of life of which you are a part?

Third, are you proud of yourself? Do you feel you have done a magnificent and worthy thing?

Fourth, when did you last see your victim, and was the meeting under friendly or unfriendly circumstances? We pray the atmosphere at that time was hostile and unrelated to the climate prevailing when Jesus received the kiss of Judas.

Fifth, will you enjoy the spirit of Christmas this year as always, and subscribe to the spirit of Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men? Amen.





A famous philosopher once said, "May our imagination never run away with our judgment." Some of the bills a man receives after Christmas makes a person wonder if this wouldn't be a fine piece of sense to live by.

A well chosen Christmas card makes a most acceptable gift. Particularly if you use a paper clip to hold the cheque or money order in place.



The C.B. Diamond, P.O. Box 190, Kingston, Ontario. Gentlemen:

I thoroughly enjoyed reading your unusual and well-edited publication. I am pleased to enclose herewith my cheque for \$10.00 for four three-year subscriptions. Would you send along a subscription regularly to the undermentioned.

Harry R. Rose, Q.C. Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Rose:

We are highly flattered and deeply grateful for both your kind comment and substantial financial support. We are most appreciative of your regard for our magazine, and it shall be our endeavour to compose and publish material which will substantiate your faith in us.

With the Compliments of the Season, we are The Staff

C.B. Diamond, Collin's Bay Penitentiary, Kingston, Ontario. Dear Sirs:

We would like to subscribe to your publication for one year. Could you forward the first copy, billing us at the same time as we are not aware of this subscription rate.

E.V. Shiner, Executive Secretary The John Howard Society of Windsor Dear Mr. Shiner:

Many thanks indeed for your welcome subscription, and before this letter is in print, you will have received your first copy of our magazine. We sincerely hope it will meet with your approval and merit your confidence, and we shall welcome any comment or criticism you may have to offer at any time.

.. With our best wishes for a Merry Christmas

and Happy New Year.

The Staff
* * * *

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is my cheque for \$1.15 one year's subscription to The Diamond. Please mail to address below. Yours very turly,

W.H. Coghill, John Howard Society of Hamilton, Hamilton, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Coghill:

Thank you very kindly for your letter and subscription, and you will now have received our first copy to you. We hope you will enjoy our efforts and we should be most grateful for any comments or criticism you may care to offer from time to time.

The Editor

The Editor, Box 190, Kingston, Ontario. Dear Sir:

We enclose herewith \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the Diamond. This subscription is in the name of one of our directors, Mr. A. Roughead, and should be forwarded to his home address of.....

Yours sincerely, J. Edwards.

John Howard Society of Hamilton.

Dear Mr. Edwards:

We have received your letter and request for a subscription for Mr. A. Roughead, one of your directors, and have already mailed him his first issue of our magazine. May we thank you, and Mr. Roughead, kindly for this support, and trust we may please you with our efforts throughout the coming year.

The Editor

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed one dollar for one year's subscription for the Diamond. Thank you.

V. Segriff,

Toronto, Ontario

Dear Mr. Segriff:

Many thanks for your subscription, and we have added your name to our mailing list. We sincerely hope you will like our little magazine, and we shall appreciate hearing from you from time to time. With our very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, we are

Yours sincerely, The Staff

The Diamond, Collin's Bay, Ontario Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Diamond.

Yours very truly, Yvette Landry, Smooth Rock Falls, Ontario

Dear Miss Landry:

We wish to thank you very much for your letter and subscription, and we shall be most pleased to hear from you, at your convenience, whether you find our monthly publication up to your expectations. We hope so!

Yours gratefully, The Staff

The C.B. Diamond, P.O. Box 190, Kingston, Ontario Dear Sirs:

Enclosed, please find a cheque in the amount of \$2.50 for a three-year subscription to your magazine. Please be advised to mail this to my home address which is.....

Your very truly, W.W. Rankin, Toronto, Ontario

Dear Mr. Rankin:

.. Thank you very much for your three-year subscription, and we shall have pleasure in mailing our monthly issue to you for the next three years. We hope you will find it both interesting and enjoyable. With Compliments of the Season, we remain

Yours very truly,
The Staff

Editor, ~ Collin's Bay Diamond, Dear Sir:

It would be a pleasure to subscribe to your

magazine. Hope you can place me on your mailing list. I have enclosed \$1.00. Is this the correct amount for a year's subscription? Thank you.

Sincerely, (Mrs.) J.R. Douglas, North Surrey, B.C.

Dear Mrs. Douglas:

We were most happy to add your name to our mailing list of subscribers, and we wish to assure you that it is most flexible — it can expand at any time to accommodate an extra dollar. Seriously, letters such as yours, spanning the many miles from British Columbia to Ontario, make us very happy, and we like to think our message is reaching to such distant points. We shall appreciate hearing from you at any time you are inclined to write, and at this time, we wish to extend our very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely, The Editor

The Diamond, Kingston, Ontario Gentlemen:

I happened to be visiting a friend and saw a copy of your magazine on her desk. I read it from cover to cover, and found it most enlightening. I had no idea you boys could turn out such thought-provoking articles, and I am enclosing my cheque to cover a three-year subscription. I shall await arrival of my first issue with the keenest pleasure. If I may offer one suggestion — please have the boys sign their names to ALL articles rather than the odd one which I noticed was Anonymous. I have been reading for many years and think perhaps your magazine will provide the answer to that for which I have been searching. Be sure, though, to have the real names signed. Thank you.

(Mrs.) Capt. Lily Morgan, nee Jones, Abracadabrallllmmmmpppprr, Wales

Dear Mrs. Morgan nee Jones:

Yours is indeed a Welsh rarebit, and we thank you very kindly. If we may respectfully offer a suggestion — we think you meant to say "for WHOM I have been searching." We pray it is not a certain Morgan who presently resides here, but if such is the case, we wish him a speedy return to you. Our very best wishes for a Merry Yuletide and Prosperous New Year.

The Staff

Prostrate They Fall

By KEITH MUNRO

HAT gives with the Sex Question? Every month or two, the press exposes cases of sex perversions, plays the publicity to the hilt, excites the public and social organizations to vociferous demands for protection from this ghastly menace, then drops all mention of the subject like a hot potato.

Pick up a newspaper and peruse the beastly assault on a five-year old girl from a small western city, or the brutal murder of an early teenager in a large Ontario metropolis, or the soul-destroying experience of a young lad from Ottawa who was a patient in a hospital, encased in casts from head to toe, viciously assaulted by one of the hospital orderlies; and hosts of other cases that space will not permit me to cite.

We hear too often the cries of vengance for reprisal when these cases are exposed, or reversely, the symphonic overtures of some leading medical professionals who request that the public be so naively gullible as to accept the time-worn theory that these people are sick—that they are in need of psychiatric treatment. We refer to these perverts as Mentally Depraved, Sex Monsters, Flesh Beasts, etc., yet no concrete plan for handling their ilk has yet been offered.

At present, society seems quite content to scream for a few days after a Fourth Estate expose of some sex orgy and then let the hue and cry die down. The organization of a Parent's Action League was, in one instance, responsible for keeping a murderous attack in the limelight for a considerable length of time so that some measures of protection would be enforced, yet even the licentiousness of this case did not seem to warrant a drive for more protective laws that would enable some mother's child to enjoy the inherent right of freedom to pursue childish endeavours.

I've listened to the pros and cons of the sex question in and out of prison, and the only agreement that all parties seem to be able to reach is that nothing acceptable is being done to erase this lecherous evil. Case after case has shown that the existing laws are not stable enough to cope with the situation. In different localities, inconsistent outlooks *are

taken, and in some cases where court action is instituted, there is a good deal of disparity in the sentences which usually make no provision for mental treatment.

Who is to blame for a sex orime? Is it the commissioner of the act? Or would you say that he is only partly to blame because he did not realize what he was doing? If we do not lay complete blame for these acts on the offender, then someone else is going to have to be 'Joe Boy' also. Who will it be? The police? Or would you say that they only share a very small part of the guilt for not being able to afford enough protection? Then who else? What about the parents of the victims? Naturally, we sympthize with them. But are they not also to blame? Is not their ignorance of the conditions that exist just as criminal? Or the public's lethargic interest in someone else's tragedy; is it not contributory to the promotion of sexual maladjustment?

For years, sex was a taboo subject, and unmentionable word. Discussion of it was carried out in the most rigid sense of privacy. Embarrassment was the result until it eventually reached the public via the open-mindedness of advanced educators. Have we progressed too fast in this field and caused the present results? Is it through publication of sex crimes that more are committed, or is this only partly the reason? Where does the fault lie?

When someone says to me: "They should not send sex offenders to prison" I reply, "Why not?" Many times I get the old argument that these people are not normal and require medical treatment. I am willing, with reservations, to accept this theory. But it is still no reason why they should not be incarcerated. Thieves could also be classified as sick, yet they are imprisoned, and rightly so! The reason for this, naturally enough, is to protect the social rights of Mr. John Doe—or should it be spelled 'D-O-U-G-H'? The same reason applies for jailing sex perverts.

But imprisonment of these violators is carried out in a haphazard manner. At present, a sex offender is imprisoned with men convicted of every crime in the book. Their immediate mental reaction to being confined with thieves and persons from other classified crimes seems to be one of abhorrence. They classify themsleves on a plane above other criminals, and the other inmates consider them to be the scum of the earth. This feeling of mutual hatred affects the mental progress of a man who is

trying to overcome his faults. It serves to embitter the individual and sap his vitally-needed understanding resources. Many nasty name are tagged on sex offenders. Terms such as Aberrant, Pervert and others that publication will not permit have characteristic effect and only contribute to making the barrier that exists between perpetrators of other crimes and sex offenders that much higher.

Placing these people in the same institutions as other criminal violators serves to impede rehabilitative efforts for all concerned. The ever-present danger of one contaminating the other is in itself a concrete reason for separate maintenance, especially where youths are concerned. In order to protect the sexually normal individual from the offender, segregation would seem to be the only method of ensuring the best approach to the subject. The older and more mature prisoner is better equipped to brush aside the enforced association of one element with the other, but where the immature and inexperienced young man is concerned, inquisitiveness alone is enough to start the ball rolling.

There is not a day that passes in Canada in which a sex crime is not committed. The majority of them go, presumably, unreported by the victims for fear that the incident will be publicized. After suffering some vile treatment at the hands of a sex maniac, the victim must choose between reporting the incident and having the offender brought to justice, thus exposing herself to unwanted notoriety, or re main shamefully silent to protect her anonimity, thereby permitting the monster toroam again and seek more victims for his ravaging desires.

How do these men originate? What makes them as they are? Will they commit a repeat performance upon release? Is there any cure for them? Should they have treatment and separate institutions to house them? These are the questions that should concern society—these are the queries that can produce the answers!

Let's take the first question, "How do these men originate?" There are many reasons that could be offered, and each one could be quite valid. The offender might well have been the prey of some other sex ogre years previously. He may never have had proper education on the subject upon reaching sexual maturity. Or he could possibly have suffered some severe shock from his first sexual encounter. Roaming street gangs committing acts of hooligan-

ism also serve as breeding grounds for sex offenders. Many of their initiation rites require that a prospective member prove his masculinity by committing some sexual act.

Not all sex offenders come from poor homes. Quite the contrary! It is in many stations of the higher echelon of society, and the middle-class element, that these unbalanced minds are found. Many prominent citizens would be cellmates today were their past and present exposed.

There are several types of sexual criminality. First, and most important, is the vulture that preys on innocent children. He contaminates the unripened mind and destroys that trusting nature of children, exposing them to a life of mental hell. Then there is the type that preys on women. This category is just as menacing for they will not hesitate to kill to sate their hungry flesh. Thirdly, there is the 'Lavender Set' which deplores association with the fairer sex. These sex escapists are not as dangerous to the general public as the two previous types, but they are, nevertheless, just as potential a menace, especially where our teenagers are concerned. During the past few years, the 'Gay Boys' have been increasing in numbers at an alarming rate.

To illustrate my point, may I cite a personal experience. In a large Ontario city, I unknowingly entered a booze den that was habituated by the 'Lavender Mob' and operated by a 'Gay' one. The manager, a lilac-scented character, welcomed me to the institution and offered to buy me a drink. I never was one to turn down an offer of refreshment, and graciously accepted the gesture. He ordered the bartender to give me the house special. It was a tall glass with four ounces of gin and cracked ice, and then jammed to the top with cherries. I asked what they called it and began to drink. He replied, "Anchors Aweigh." I choked on a piece of ice and was only too happy to use this as an excuse to leave. Incidentally, a prominent sign hangs on the entrance wall to this bar, reading "BE PREPARED TO SHOW YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE." This is redundant — the fair face of the thirsty male waives the rule.

There have been instances where the courts have imprisoned sex degenerates and then released them. The hospital orderly mentioned at the beginning of this article has appeared before our courts on a few occasions for the same reason that he is now incarcerated. The sentences meted out by the courts do not pre-

vent or serve as a deterrent for this crime. Imprisonment without treatment can only lead to a mad merry-go-round. Locking these people up without treatment serves no purpose.

We are losing too many of the old traditions of our parents and the demands of their era. No longer does the young man have to obtain parental consent to marry the daughter, nor is it now required that she have her escort pick her up at the house for family approval. Only too often the future generations are left the heavy responsibilities of self-decision. They have been given the reins in this advancing age and are making one hell of a mess of arising situations. No wonder our divorce courts are overloaded with frustrated, unhappy people. The ystarted self-decision at too early a stage. It was improperly handled and they have been riding a zig-zag course ever since. And to further the contention, I would like to mention that our divorce courts only accept one reason for granting a decree.

The abnormal sexualist cannot be made the

scapegoat for the conditions that now exist. In many cases, parental indifference to the childrens' activities or whereabouts has staged the setting and serves to encourage dengenerates. Broken homes and lack of counselling have been contributing reasons for these occurrences. It would seem that the Ten Commandments are insufficient in this modern age. I have often wondered how sex perversion was overlooked at the writing of these tenets, or that an attempt to amend them was not made during the salty days of ancient Greece.

The children of this country deserve a break. So do their parents. The innocence of today's youth is the vulnerability to tomorrow's sex monster. Some sound program in dealing with degenerates is vitally needed. But the cooperation of the nation's parents is a neccessity to make it effective. Some day your hometown newspaper will brandish big bold headlines of some sex monster's activities, and you can never tell if, on that day, a policeman will knock on your door and say: "Lady, where was your son last night?

Inspired by GRANDAD WAS A WINO

Old Grandad was a wino who roamed along Skid Row, With a skin-full of Pop-skull and spirits all aglow. His manners were abhorrent, but his heart was full of love.

And the mutted cur that tagged his heels adored this man above.

In railway yards and alleys, in jails or wind-swept street, They bedded down together, and shared a D.T'd sleep. When liquor was aplenty and food was mighty rare, The old man and the mangy mutt, a bottle they would share.

They talked to one another in a language no man knew, And with the passing of the years a solid friendship grew, And when in court for drinking, there was no parting of the way,

For the judge was understanding, and let Old Rover stay.

Old Grandpa could drink plenty, but that dog sure topped them all,

He would guzzle half a gallon, then lean against a wall. Then he and old Wino, with spirits soaring high, Would parade along the Bowery, and another bottle buy.

But the years were bound to take their toll, as all are prone to do,

And the ending came on New Year's Eve when Grandpa had the 'flu.

They found him in a boxcar, down in the railway yard, With his dog a resting pillow, and the floor so cold and hard.

Old Rover, too, had his reward for the years he was so loval.

He died with dear old Grandpa and a bottle, marked Crown Royal.

It was a tragic ending, and yet it was supreme,
For God above, forgiving, now has them on His team.
Keith Munro.

The absence of the "Ear" was an outstanding feature with the men at the 'Bay' and many have enquired as to why it was dropped. Rick Windsor and Bill Huddlestone are now undertaking the column under the heading: "Reelin' & Dealin'". Theirs is a new approach which should go a far way in enlightening and amusing the inmate population.

Get the beat man: J.B. with the new uppers... Goddie turning out some fine butcherin', eh Tex?...Wee Rohnie pluggin' away on the farm. Hang on Ron. It has to end some time... G.P. and the new password: "The Sa Fabam." So Fabam Ger? Ba Sa Fabam says Willie... Boney wants another D.C. course this winter, and we quote: "It has helped me, you know" . unquote of course...B.H. has his heart up in Barrie. Matter of time Robert...Surely not Mike...International J.M. recitin' poetry to MacSan. Shades of Satan, what next? ... The M.C. left our midst. Good luck out there Matt...Farewell to Joe L. alias Chub Chub... Big Christmas party all over. One complaint from the entire prison was from A.C. Sore tummy yet!!! ... Commissioner Robert complaining about the weather. Something about a fog! Open the eyes pal...Rocky F. back in good standing at his job. . Chisel Shin getting thin across the way... The Snake looking for an out from his present job . . . Big Ed blew a penalty kick. Forget to turn the toe inwards Ed? ... Fat Jack sportin' long hair. How horrible...Garry enjoying his second childhood. Keeps muttering about the doll. . Sing it Johnnie is a familiar sound from one block these chilly nights. Slow down Joe!...The Jockey lost out on his effort to buy the big gun for his soccer team. Next year Ralph. .Billy H. always has a smile. Nice to see him first thing in the morning. Really makes you feel good. Keep it up Willy ... K.M. has a helping hand for anyone and everyone he meets. Fine gesture and appreciated by all...B.J's. new nickname is the "V"...Take Two still muttering about his Dodgers. A true-blue fan when it comes to the Bums. Oh well, there's always next year...The Leafs are the team to beat in the N.H.L., we agree, Joe. We teenagers must stick together...Between the writer of this scandal sheet there is a total of thirtyseven years: Eighteen for Rick and nineteen for Bill (Oh happy youth)... The front door can cure all the beefs of a lot of us. Let's do our time and quit moanin': "Framed", Oh no, not that! Still waitin' for the Earl

Bostic L.P. Harold. Let's get with it young man...Was it the 'Eyes' Schmiel, or was it something else?...E.R. leavin's us via the Ticket Act. A fine lad and a real asset to anyone he came in contact with. Good Luck, Ed! ... A special mention goes out to J.C. in the hospital for keeping it so clean...Little Bobby got the old dormitory looking like new. It took a lot of hard work, but it certainly hasn't gone unnoticed... Heard 'Squeak' is trying to go to the garage so he can be in shape come the day for his freedom...Tony D. wearing a big smile these days. Couldn't happen to a nicer fella. We hope it is real soon...Chip the old man playing soccer as though he were under thirty. How come Dad?...Bob F. leaving our midst with a 'Ticket'. Good luck Robert! You certainly did your share...Curfew on in Kitchener. K.W. is home again... Was that really her in the car Big Mac? She was a blonde, you know...Special hello to Ruth Harper from yours trulies. Hope you get your monthly issue...Don Campbell across the road won the field day honours. This young man ran second to the great 'Rich' Ferguson, finishing just ten seconds behind him. It is a shame he never got the chance to go on to better things. Congratulations, Don! Competition next year. Don, 'Maggie's home...The Dep leaving for bigger and better things at Dorchester... Good Luck to Robby who will read this issue from the street. Take it easy Jim ... Big Russ putting in the storm windows without a word. A great guy!...Finally lost all the choppers, eh Bill S.? Took four bits but you finally made it... We understand the girls across the way are going to put out a small edition of their own. Fact or Fiction? Certainly looking forward to it... Hope to see Billy O'Connor back this winter. He really gives a lift whenever he arrives. How about it, Bill? Our new stage should be in by then. Big improvement in the sweet stuff from the new wonder man with the dough. Fine job, lad, real fine...Big Buzz trying to scrape up enough for an appeal. Framed again. W hy not sell the Cadil-Continued on Page 37

On The Soccer Field

by Rick Windsor

OCTOBER 21st.

The first game on Sunday afternoon saw the Arsenal team defeat the United club in a real thriller. The goal that decided the winner came on a penalty shot by net minder Simpson. There was no other scoring in this game and it was clean and hard fought from the start to finish. Gary Harding, manager of the United team has added a new face to the line up. Joe Houska was in the net and played a real fine game except for the penalty shot that beat him. Miles Simpson turned away several bids on the part of the United forwards and reserved his second straight shut out. The final score of this game was Arsenal one and the United team no score. The star of the game goes to Joe Houska for his fine showing in the net for the losers. The penalties were even in the game with both teams getting a pair. Dorigo and Windsor drew 2 minutes for charging and Don Antone and Ed Morepaw went to the sin bin for tripping. The referees for the game were Al Corrie and "Take Two" Fox. A fine job was done by these fine officials. The linesmen were DeForest and Delarosabel.

In the second game it was the Rangers the victors over the fast fading Blackpool team. The Rangers scored three times and held the Blackpool gang scoreless for the whole game. It is the second game in a row this same team has failed to score a goal. Scoring for the Rangers was the old veteran Joe Hiesel. In the second half it was Turner unassisted and Chappelle from Turner a few minutes later. The penalties in the game went to Hiesel of the Rangers for tripping and to McCarty and Bell for charging. The referees for the game were Al Corrie and Jake Isenberg. The linesmen were Gregoire and DeForest. The following are the league standings up to date:

Team	Games played	Won	Lost	Tied	G.F.	G.A.	Pis
Arsenal	5	4	1 1	0 .	11	6	8
Rangers	6	4	2	0	14	7	8
Blackpool	6	. 2	4	0	10	13	4 .
United	5	1	4	0	6	15	2

The top scores to date are as follows:

Player	Team	Goals	Assists	Total Points
Hiesel	Rangers	4	3	7
Dorigo	Arsenal	3	4	7
Bell	Blackpool	4	2	6
Chappelle	Rangers	3	1	4
Turner	Rangers	2	2	4
Best	Rangers	2	2	4
Harding	United	1	3	4

Last year a goal allowed a scorer two points and on assists they gave one point. This year a goal is one point and the assists count as one point also. This tends to make the game a little more interesting and so far this year there has been a lot more passing than in the previous seasons. Bob Willsie is to have credit for this move and we take time out to say a fine job is being done by this man.

The following is a list of the bad men in the prison. They are the ones that use muscle and brawn to wend their way through the defense of any club they happen to meet. The leaders in the penalty department are as follows:

Player	Team	Tot	al Minutes
Lundrigan	Blackpool		10
Beanland	Arsenal		6
Robertson	Blackpool		· 6
Antone	United		6
Windsor	Arsenal		6
Dorigo	Arsenal		6 6

Booming Bob Willsie the boss of the soccer this year has informed me he intends to pick the best player of the month in an effort to make the game a little more interesting. The player that earns this award will in all probabilities be marked down in the books as one of the candidates to win the best player for the year award. This writer feels he has to mention a few of the men that are playing great ball for their respective teams and they are not words taken from the mouth of the commissioner. They are. McCarthy, Chappelle, Turner, Huddlestone, Major, Beanland, Simpson, Dorigo, Antone, Best, and Joe Heisel. These men are a real asset to their teams and are in the game from the

opening kick until the final whistle. The umpires are doing a fine job as are the linesmen. The two teams that threaten to run away with all the marbles are the Arsenals and Rangers. These two clubs have fine players and are never afraid to pass the ball to another man on the team. When they win it is a team effort and not the result of one man trying to be the hero. Got to leave the typewriter and head for the yard to see the results of the coming week end. I finally got hooked to a team and will be able to keep close tabs on the plays as they happen. Lou S. across the road is doing a fine job on the sports pages he puts out and this writer would like to steal his efforts but would not feel right if he did. Keep up the good work Lou and don't worry about the Chicago Blackhawks.

The first game on the above date featured the Arsenal team against the Rangers. The Arsenals were the winners by a score of four to two. Scoring for the Arsenal team were McLean from Itessier, Schnied unassisted, MLean from Dorigo and McLean from Dorigo for the final tally on the part of the Arsenals. For Rangers it was Scott from Best and Hiesel from Chappelle. The game was a hard fought contest and the penalty box had no action for the entire game. A real clean game. The star of the game has to go to Donald McLean who scored three times for the victors. Also playing fine ball was Chappelle, Dorigo, Huddlestone and Turner. The men who refereed the game were Take Two Fox and Jake Isenberg. The linesmen were Sullivan and DeForest. The second game saw the Blackpool team squeeze a two to one victory over the United gang. Gary Harding has a nice team and he is just not getting the breaks. When this club starts to click it will be a tough one. The best goal of the game came off the toe of J. Lowery. Joe grabbed the ball at the center surpe and raced all the way down field, past the defense and shot a bullet past the astounded J. Houska in the nets. A real fine goal for our converted linesman. The second goal was a shot by Nugent on a pass from Major. Scoring for the United team was Gary Harding from Ed Morepaw. The game was a rough one from start to finish and it saw the sin bin occupied for the entire game with no less than nine penalties being handed out. After the game got under way you would swear the teams were out there to see who could smash the other team to the ground the most times. For Blackpool offenders, it was McCarty, Bell, Major and Lowery, for the United team it was Antone, Harding, Arorpaw, Hallett and Rodgers. The star of the game goes to Red Hallett for his great efforts for the whole game. Red is in his first year at the game and is just starting to hit his stride. He promises to be in the running for the most valuable player award. The referee's were "Take Two" Fox and Old Faithful Al Corrie. T

OCTOBER 28th

The game Sunday morning was a great one. The Arsenal team led two to one for most of the game and added their third goal of the game with but one minute left to play. The United team played their best game of the year but were held off the scoreboard, except for the one goal by Al goagers on a nice kick from centre that went over the head of the goal tender and into the net. The big gun in this game was Miles Simpson the net minder for the Arsenals. Miles played an outstanding game and turned back shot after shot when the defense in front of him fell to pieces. To Simpson goes the star of the game, although Rodgers played a fine game for the losers as did Ed Morpaw. Penalties went to Dorigo of Arsenals and Morton of the United team. The referees in the game were Al Corrie and Jake Isenberg. The men acting as linesmen were J. Sullivan and J. DeForest.

The games to date have been real good and the play that has stopped a team from scoring a lot of goals is the off side ruling that Take Two Fox has brought into effect. This has made a big afference in the play in general and has saved several teams a loss in the place of the victory they came from the game with. Until next week end I leave you all to figure a way to beat the Arsenal team from the chocolates they are headed for. John Fox has brought a new system to light for the new soccer season. He has layed down a plan to select the best player of the month and the commissioners Willsie and Brown have taken the idea in hand and here are the results of their first selections for the month of October. The men who voted on the picks were the three referees and the two commissioners. The voting goes like this. Each of the five men are entitled to six votes. They may give not more than three votes to the man they think has been the best, two to the man they choose for second place and one to the man in the third slot. Before they sit down to do the voting they select the men they feel have been the biggest help to their clubs. When this has been done they go to voting. The results for this month are as follows.

The player of the month is Chip Chappelle. The runners up are Simpson with nine votes, Windsor with six votes, Dorigo with three votes, Hiesel with one vote and Bell, Kolba and Cornwall never received a vote from any of the officials. I might add at this time that Chappelle was a unanimous choice with eleven of a possible fifteen votes. This man is a real hustler and plays a fine game without sign of ever being tired. He urges the team on to their victories and keeps them hustling when they look as though they are ready to fold up. A fine competitor and a real sportsman. A fine iob Chappy old bean, keep up the good work. The runner up for the special award was the versatile Miles Simpson in the nets for the Arsenal team. Miles has saved the club time and time again with tremendous saves and never gives up. His heart and soul is in the game and he never makes excuses when he is beaten by a goal. He is also the big gun when he takes the penalty shots for his team. He has an average of one thousand in this department sinking three goals in three attempts. Congratulations Miles and keep up the good work. The next man was yours truly and how I ever got lucky enough to get six votes is beyond me. Even my old pal gave me a vote on the ballots. Don't know how I got the votes but thanks anyways fellows. Dorigo was the next man and he came up with a total of three

votes. Archie is one of the leading men in the scoring department and he is the main man on the line for the Arsenal team. He keeps the line moving for the entire game and is the result of many victories the team has enjoyed in the past several games. Out of eight games the Arsenal team has lost but one and this young man has a lot to do with the success the team has felt. A fine job Archie and keep up the good work. Hiesel was the next man with one vote and though it will appear funny to mention a man with but one vote I can assure my readers that this old veteran of last year is a real assett to his team. Always on the move Joe is in control of his front line from the start of the game till the finish. He has yet to complain about any of the calls made by the referee. Not one to bother about beefing, Joe is interested in playing the game and has the honor of being one of the better players in the institution. Congratulations Joe and keep up the good work. Gerry Bell was the sixth man on the list and even though he never got one nomination he is a real hustler and is a credit to his team at all times. Gerry is in their digging from start to finish and you will be hearing from him before the season is ended. Cornwall, a man who is getting up in years is the next man on the list and he too, like the previous man never received a single vote. Yet, were it not for his cunning play on the defense his team would be without a single victory. He makes the right move at the right time and there are very few of the players in the prison who have the honor to be able to get by this great hustler. A fine player Cornwall and keep up the good work. Next and last is Kolba. He was left out on the voters ballots but is a fine player. His team is in the cellar with but one victory and this writer feels had it not been for him they would be without that one too. He enjoys the game and is a clean player. You will hear more of this man as the season progresses. Good luck Kolba and keep digging.

Well readers I must say so long for this year and before going I want to express my sincere appreciation to the men and my various readers for the letters of thanks and congratulations I have recieved since taking the job of Sports Editor. It is an houour to be able to write for you and a real test for me, knowing I can keep my readers happy and occupied at the same time.

With Christmas just around the corner I wish all the men in the prison and the readers who are on the free world a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. God Bless You and keep you over the holidays.

Just a footnote to add here: The elections are coming up in the very near future and we will have a run down on the results as soon as they are available. Bye bye for this year.



A Mixed Blessing

The day before Christmas dawns bright, clear and cool, A sense of elation inspires all:
So much to get done before tomorrow,
A thousand small chores to complete by night's fall.

The last minute check to see none are forgotten, Look carefully, in private, at gifts neatly stacked: The tree stands untrimmed, but that can come later, The cupboards and ice-box and pantry are packed.

So away to the merchants for just this and that, Be prepared for a battle with others thus bent: When daylight is ebbing and homeward you wend, You'll collapse when you think of the money you spent.

But what is so sweet as this rare relaxation Midst thoughts of the many who in joy will be one: Though you're tired, and achey, and just about beat, Every Christmas it's something we would not leave undone.

LeVallee

QUALITY QUOTES from PENITENT PENS

From The HAWKEYE. Anamosa, Iowa. Every incarcerated man should be given a parole at some time or another and given the advantages that parole supervision offers in readjusting himself to a normal way of living. With proper guidance and parole supervision, I believe that every man stands an equal chance of readjusting himself properly in a new environment. Just because a man has been judged guilty of a crime more serious than the next man, does not alter the fact that he is just as capable or more so, of readjusting in later life. Understanding the problems that stimulate abnormal behaviour and criminal tendencies into action, allows one to see more clearly the possibilities of readjustment and to take steps toward preventing a recurrence of that crime, and the only solution to criminal behaviour is not to keep the individual incarcerated indefinitely.

From the SEAGOZETTE. Seagoville. Texas. We as inmates know what prison is like; we know both the damages of prison and the rehabilitation benefits of prison. It is our desire that the public become educated on these matters. Only through their gaining of this knowledge do we have hopes of accomplishing full rehabilitation for the released inmate. If we can acquaint the public with the current prison conditions, we can realize progress in our penal system. If we can give them the basic facts of prison reform, we can also realize the fulfilling of prison reforms. Mr. W.H. Perrins, President of the Institute for Philosophical Research at Hialeah, Florida, said: "Obviously, we have a prison system that doesn't work as it doesn't produce people after many years of discipline that can be trusted to exercise their own free will. So what should we do except to change the system for a better system.

From the J-C-MO NEWS. Jefferson City, Mo. Lewis E. Lawes, former warden of Sing-Sing said: "I long ago quit paying attention to 'records'. If I had my way when a man came into prison I would tear up his record. I would blot it out whether it was good or bad and let him

start life over again — As to three time losers, let me say, I don't give a rap about that as I have a fine friend who was a four time loser. He decided to quit sailing against the wind and to travel with it. He said: "I have sailed against it long enough and I know it does not pay." On my advice he went before the parole board, made good and became the head of a good sized business."

Washington. In an interview, Mr. Kenyon J. Scudder, Superintendent of the Chino institution for men was asked: In trying to make Chino a minimum security institution, did you face any opposition? His answer, "I certainly did. To begin with, the community was strongly opposed to having criminals loose so near their homes. Men who had been in prison work for many years were also opposed — they thought it was unsafe and that I was crazy for trying it. They believed that the only way to keep order was to lock the prisoners up and keep a gun in their backs.

From STRAY SHOTS. Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The authorities have set aside the hours, between lights out at night and lights on in the morning for rest and sleep with "QUIET" a standing order during this period. There's no need to list the various ways in which this order has been ignored because only the soundest sleepers couldn't draw up identical lists of grievances concerning the racket that is made.

It is our experience in this same institution that every time we lose a privilege, temporarily or permanently, we bring it upon ourselves. It would appear that you'd be wise to this by now and shape-up. You are capable of policing yourselves individually in this matter of making noise which disturbs others and our advice is to do it.

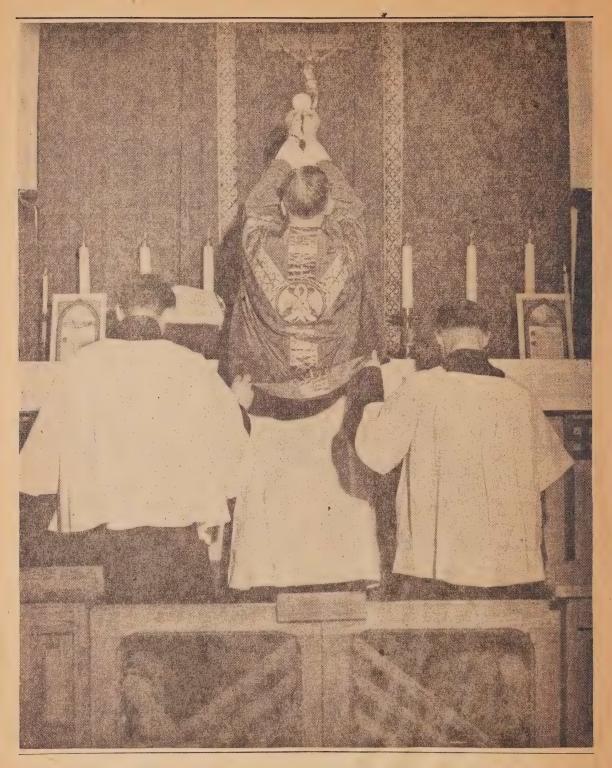
From PEN-O-RAMA. St. Vincent De Paul Penitentiary. Taken from Jean Brunet's column, The Inmate's Opinion. Question, How Must An Ex-Inmate Proceed When Applying For Work?

The answer, by a man serving 5 years: The ex-inmate looking for employment in the free world mustn't try to be 'cute' with his prospective employer, because sooner or later his lack of truthfulness will catch up to him and may cause him to be fired. He must also remember that in society there are so-called irreproachables who will never forgive and will never give him a chance. But on the other hand there are always generous employers who will give him a chance to prove himself. In other words, if he plays the game and puts his cards on the table he still has a chance.

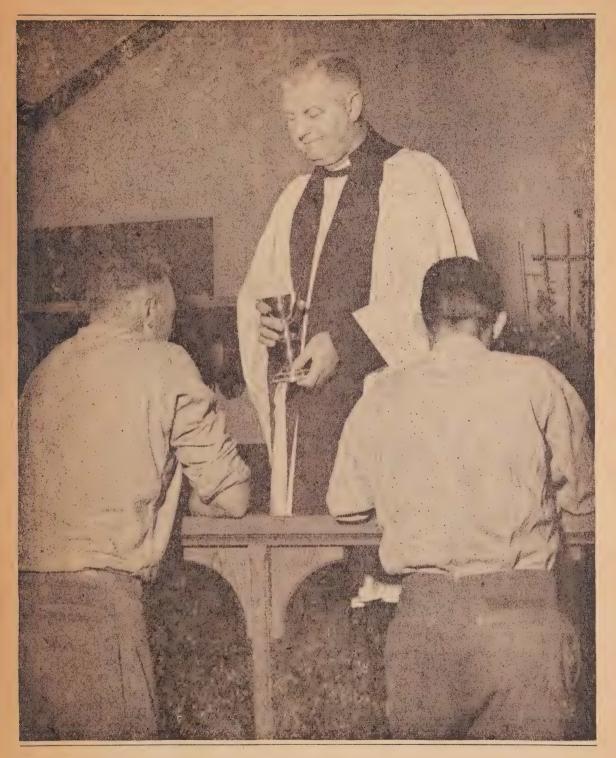
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The "wassail" as the convivial bowl came to be called in England, derives from the old English waes hal meaning "be whole" or "be of good health." This graceful practice is so congenial to men of friendly spirit that it took firm root in custom. By the 17th century, in England, it was the custom at the festive board to toast not merely those present and contributing to the entertainment, but also all the absent friends, so long as memory was retained. It is not hard to figure out a possible motive for thus extending a worthy practice.

At Christmas time we call our rich relatives the Kin we love to touch.



Rev. Father Felix Devine S. J. celebrating mass



Rev. Cannon Minto Swan giving communion

UNTITLED

HIS story was told to the writer in January, 1945, at this time in an antitank regiment. Elements of us of the Second Corps were attached to the American Army in the Ardennes region of Belgium. The following happened to a very good friend of the author, and will be told in the words of the original narrator.

We were enroute to Tilfe and about halfway there, we pulled the convoy over to the side of the highway to brew up some coffee. Alongside of where we stopped was a high stone wall and let into this wall was a gate. After we were there a few minutes the gate opened and a tall women dressed in grey nun's garb came through it. She approached me and to my surprise, asked in English: "Is the officer in charge of these men here?"

I took here to our troop lieutenant and she offered the use of the convent kitchen for the making of our coffee. The looie was a good egg so we all trooped into the huge European kitchen. The stove was going and there was a huge pot of water quite near the boiling point on it, so we certainly gained quite a bit of time by accepting the nun's kind offer.

W e made the coffee and had some hard tack to go with it: we shared the coffee with some of the other ladies of the convent. The conversation finally got around to food, and the Mother Superior told the fellows they were short of food. The transportation network of Belgium had been so badly upset by the war to start with, and now this new German attack down through the Ardennes, had made food supplies non-existent. Coupled with this, the good sisters had over one hundred war orphans to take care of in the convent.

They had a small amount of cereal oats, some ersatz coffee and a quanity of potatoes they had grown themselves the previous summer. Two cows they had managed to keep were dry, and they were debating whether or not to slaughter them to keep the youngsters fed. This was the situation the new attack by our enemies had placed these people in.

Well, we talked it over between ourselves and as you know, F Troop has always been good as a scrounging outfit—we had plenty of grub. The story the nuns told us hit the fellows pretty hard, and as it was Christmas Day, we decided to give them what we could spare. We were carrying Canadian rations and expected shortly to go over to American food on joining up with the unit we were to be attached to for the length of our stay.

We drove our quarter store truck into the vard of the convent and unloaded three sacks of rolled oats, three sacks of sugar, two cases of corn syrup, fifteen pounds of coffe, some cases of herrings, and a whole pile of odds and ends. It was the first real clean-out the quarter store truck had since D-Day. We moved on up into Tilfe and reached there in the early afternoon. You fellows had left Tilfe and we moved into your Billets. We found your note telling us where the coal pile was at the power house. So we settled in, got ourselves a truckload of coal and were warm and comfortable. That was the night the trouble started: two of the gunners had a few drinks and decided to recruit four or five other and take a truck loaded with coal back to the kids in the convent! this they did. They storied the Mother Superior that it was issue coal and they had been given more than they could use: instead of wasting it they decided to make a Christmas present of it to the kiddies.

The following night, some of the guys went out into the farming section and found some farms that had an abundance of cattle. They were going to liberate a few for our own use and then they thought of those poor orphan youngsters. Well, they took three extra and they killed and dressed them: they delivered them to the convent, with a suitable story, of course—otherwise they would never have accepted them.

So, in one way and another, we kept the kids supplied: we went into the line for a few days and finally back to rest. Our own supplies were low, however, so we could not do any good Samaritan work. That night Casey found the way into an American quartermaster dump: there was everything we needed. We helped ourselves. We also clipped a couple more truckloads of coal from the power house We sent a five-truck convoy down to the convent. We really felt good, and it kept the Christmas spirit alive in us — it was the longest Christmas period I ever experienced. Loading the coal was good exercise for the fellows, too—got them right into shape.

Well, the next night we sent a truck down to get a load of coal and the civvy policeman Continued on Page 29

A Con's Current Sentence

T was an ordinary court day, the courtroom held its usual number of curiosity
seekers and people who had nothing better to do. You have probably noticed the type
that makes up the spectator population in a
criminal courtroom — small pensioners, unemployed, people who work nights and are
loth to spend half a dollar to see a movie: and
the morbid citizen who feels much better after seeing people who are worse off than he is:
You've seen them, so have others: they are
always there.

The uproar caused seven months before by the introduction of an electronic computing machine to hand down verdicts in criminal and traffic cases had eased off. So it was on this 24th day of December we find the courtroom back to normal. Normal so far as the courtroom crowd is concerned — the city population was used to the machine by now. It was an accepted part of their way of life. The people were happy with it, too: everyone, rich or poor, well connected politically or not well connected politically, at the top of the social ladder or on the bottom rung: to the machine they were all equal — no one was more than equal anymore.

The case being tried was a hold-up: two men armed with pistols had held up a service station and escaped with the day's receipts. However, when the police officers handling the case had taken the service station attendant to the police headquarters, he had picked out two photographs from the hundreds shown him. Later, when the two hold-up chaps had appeared before him in a police line-up at the same headquarters, he had unfalteringly picked them out. Positive identification!

The accused pair had written no statements. They admitted nothing. They gave their names, addresses and ages to the police and on this day they both pleaded not guilty. The pair had also employed a top flight criminal lawyer to defend them. He gave a great performance, claimed his clients were victims of a frame-up, claimed the service station man had collaborated with the police to convict his innocent clients. He even mentioned Christmas, and deplored the fact that the 'machine' was to sentence them: he said he felt a human judge would have more compassion at this time of year. On and on he raved, ranted and roared. All this was noted.

The crown attorney gave his short ovation , and put forth what he knew and called the police officers to give their testimony. The specially constructed typewriters clicked, clacked and rolled on and on, typing dots, dashes and strokes on cylinders of heavy paper. These later were fed into the sentencing machine: from this evidence the electronic device arrived at a fair and just sentence, unaided, unhindered and untouched by human hands, human indigestion or human headaches. Equal justice to all men: the Goddess of Justice could no longer lift her blindfold and sneak a quick peek at the man before the bar. To the 'machine' the clink of gold had the same sound as iron or steel: besides, the machine had no use for gold.

When both sides had presented their stories in all their glory, the chief clerk of the court picked up the recordings of the trial and, walking over to the gray mass of the 'machine' fed the testimony in the place marked 'In.' He threw the main switch and the 'machine' commenced to hum softly. The clerk walked around to the other end of the apparatus marked 'Out' and finally a slip of paper dropped out into the tray. He picked the paper up and walked over to the raised dais and speaking into a microphone, said: "The machine, having processed the facts given it by this court, has reached the decision that the two accused are not guilty as charged."

This was greeted with cheers, not only by the accused pair and their attorney, but also the spectators. The crown attorney stoically packed his brief case and, if anything, had a more bilious than before. But before he left the court, he wished the two acquitted men and their barrister a Merry Christmas—this reflected his college spirit: good sport and all that you know.

When the courtroom was cleared and the chief clerk was preparing the 'machine' for the night, the City Hall janitor entered the courtroom. He approached the clerk and said: "The radio attached to the Christmas tree outside the door is still acting up — it's been counting all day and now it is up to seven thousand, five hundred and thirty nine. Ever since that electronic engineer who is so fond of the bottle has been servicing our equipment, things have been topsy turvy. I certainly hope he doesn't get the contract next year."

The janitor raved on with a real backlog

Continued on Page 29







Santa

Claustrophobia

Anon





HERE would seem little point in our defining the meaning of either word in our title, but the combination of the two will undoubtedly strike our readers as a play on words of the most vile order. On the other hand, who wants to be other than happy at this season of the year? To be perfectly frank, we can think of nothing more absurb than our good friend Santa Claus having a fear of being closed in, or closed places, but what more appropriate story could come from an institution such as this at this time of the year? We will, therefore, take the liberty of writing a completely nonsensical, completely untrue and completely new angle on the Santa Claus legend, and only hope that we shall not be sued for libel or slander by any of the gentlemen of this profession, or descendents of those deceased. Strangely enough, it has been our experience that Santa Claus bears no malice toward anyone, no matter how great his provocation: nor can one believe that the good Santa could run afoul of the law. Pray read on.

The locale of our story is Paris and a little island off the coast of Spanish Morocco. We believe this little island must have something Spanish about it to justify the use of Santa get it? The time of our story is the early part of the eighteenth century. At this period in history it seems that the most popular branch of the criminal's art took a sudden swing to impersonation. This, to some extent, is traceable to the fancy dress balls held by the reigning monarchs of the time in the flourishingbut long since defunct — courts of Europe. King Lou and 'Tony' Antoinette were the foremost party givers of those days and always had their guests come in costume. As a result of this, it was not unusual to see an elephant dancing with a mouse, a camel with a rhinoceros, or an old devil with a chicken. Incidentally, this last twosome can still be observed today dancing at some of our more exclusive and secret hotels and night clubs, but of course, not in costume. They are called roue and babe today, however.

One of the most popular costumes worn was that of our old friend Santa Claus. So long as this disguise was used in the pursuit of pleasure, so much to the good, but it would appear that certain shady characters of the day envisaged the tremendous possibilities such a costume offered, and so can we. For example, were you to see a fat man, dressed in red, with white whiskers and a sack over his shoulder, crawling through your window any night within two weeks of Christmas, would you think for one fleeting moment that it was other than your old friend continuing to take care of you as he did in childhood? Of course not - don't we all believe in Santa Claus and fairies? Best not to labour this point, however, so read on.

And so it happened — people being just as gullible — sorry, innocent — in those days as today, one night during the week before Christmas in 1722 no less than four hundred and forty Santas were observed by the policeman on duty climbing into first and secondmostly second—storey windows on both sides of one street. This dick—sorry, gendarme—had been told by his mother there was only one Santa, so when his popping eyes returned to their sockets, his brain started to work: He blew frantically on his bazooka and pounded the cobblestones with his head: he was then joined by thirty-nine tried—but not convicted —and true members of the Sureté. In a few short sentences rasped out in Gallic gobbledegook, he told the others what he had seen: they were alerted and ready.

Creeping down the street on their famous flat feet, each man planted himself beneath a

window where the cunning Clauses had disappeared. In a few minutes one emerged, then a second, then a third, until forty in all were in the clutches of these minions of the law. The four hundred who got away were undoubtedly the ancestors of that select group known today as The Four Hundred, International Society. When questioned, each Santa loudly claimed that he was the real one, and the poor, befuddled French fuzzes didn't know what to do. Only the persistence of the first fuzz and his faith in what Ma told him resulted in the forty prowlers being hauled off to the Institue de Brute, or police station.

The night sergeant on duty, Alphonse Tete-Chou, stared in amazement at this galaxy of rubicund rogues and started asking them what their bags contained. All gave the same reply—toys for the kiddies. Alphonse insisted that one bag be dumped on the floor and lo and behold! what toys rolled out. A silver coffee pot, sable stole and seven diamond rings came from the first sack.

"For the kiddies no doubt?" sneered Tete-Chou.

"Ah mais oui" replied Claus Number One.

"May you what?" roared Alphonse.

"Skip it Sarge" replied Santa.

As the other sacks were dumped, the same cheap little toys were exposed to view — silver fox, mink, paintings, jade—a veritable mountain of swag.

"Enough" roared the sergeant: "Lock these phonies up for the night."

As these gentlemen were escorted to cells, the loot gathered up for presentation in court next day. There was everything from sable to sardines, fox to false teeth, candlesticks to corsets — obviously our boys were hepped heisters.

When the judge had tried and found guilty these forty brigands, the punishment was banishment for life. Queen Tony tried to help by suggesting "let them eat cake" but the sentence stood — banishment. The usual procedure was to pick out an island befitting the crime and criminal of those days — Devil's Island held all the daredevils, Elba held all the elbowbenders, and Jersey was prescribed for those who had 'milked' the treasury. So our convicted Clauses were sent to Santa Claustrophobia.

Having settled down to the new routine imposed on them, our forty convicts led an unevent-

ful existence for many months after their arrival. Because of the isolated location of their island, the Warden permitted these men to keep their own clothes, knowing escape to be impossible. The weather, however, was much too hot for the Santa Claus costumes in which they had been convicted, so for the most part they all wore the light blue shorts and striped shirts provided. Time passed, and some twelve months after coming to the island, Christmas again rolled around.

On Christmas Eve, shortly after jug-up, the boys got to talking about the old days and one suggested it would be nice just for this one night if they all donned their costumes and re-lived the year before. Some were against this proposal and for some minutes arguments were against this suggestion. Finally, the eldest of the group held up his hand for silence, and in a deeply moving manner, made the following speech:

"Gentlemen, we are isolated from everyone, we have little enough to gladden our hearts at this time, but let us make each other happy on this Christmas Eve. Everyone has forgotten us, nobody thinks of us, so let us think of ourselves." With this ringing speech in their ears, the forty sprang up as one man and dashed off to their cells to again dress up as Santa Claus. They would meet a sort time later at cards-up in the games room.

Ah, ye of little faith, how could you imigine that dear old Santa Claus — the real Santa Claus— could overlook you poor, friendless, forsaken men in your distressing plight? How little you know of the big, true heart that beats in that round, red breast! You should have had no fear — Santa heard your prayer and wish, way up North in his igloo on an iceberg. He immediately resolved to fly down and pay a visit to these cast-out cons, and gathering he deer in a flash, harnessed them to his sled, and sped off through the night sky to the prison on Claustrophobia.

When he was over the boundary walls, he spied the only chimney sticking up into the sky, and fastening the leading deer to a guntower, climbed down the chimney and into the games room. Looking around, he saw a Christmas tree standing in one corner, so he walked over to it and stationed himself beside it, prepared to welcome the forty inmates when they came out for evening diversion.

Sharp at eight o'clock a bell rang throughout the prison, and the forty men, now in

costume, emerged from their cells and made their ways to the games room. The first one in took a fast look at Santa and asked him how he had got out ahead of them.

"Ho, ho ho—ha, ha, I just climbed down the chimney" said the real Santa.

"Ho, ho, ho yourself, you big fat phoney, since when have you been a wheel?" asked the first inmate.

"But you don't understand" said the real Santa, "I just flew in from the North Pole to visit you boys."

"Don't give me that routine, Buster" said the con, "I tried that line at Paris last year, but I was convicted just the same."

By this time, all forty men had gathered in the games room, and the guard on duty bellowed to the men to line up for the count. All forty lined up alongside the real Santa Claus and the guard proceeded to walk down the line. When he got to forty, there was still one man left to count. Starting at the other end of the line, he went back again, and when he had counted forty once more, there was still one man left over. He stepped back a few paces, put his hat on the back of his head, and looked over the line-up very carefully. He saw all men in red suits, white whiskers, and red hats.

"From the left, number" he roared.

"One, two, three" etc. etc., until finally—"forty-one."

"What?" roared the screw — sorry, guard—again.

"Forty-one" repeated the last man.

Again the guard looked at his line closely: this was impossible! How could forty men leave their cells and forty-one be in the games room? Guard Frost (for such was his name—Christmas, you know) was indeed in a quandary: only for the last three months had he been able to count beyond ten, so had all his night-shool classes gone for nought?

"Stand as you are men" he said, and went to the door and blew his whistle. Very shortly he was joined by the warden, Holly (the Christmas influence again) and his secretary Miss Le Toe (still Christmas) who listened to him while he related his problem to them.

"It's this way, Warden, I seem to be in a bit of a predicament. I don't know whether the wine in the pudding sauce was too strong, but I seem to count forty-one men and there should be only forty. Would you count them sir?"

"I can explain everything" began the real Santa Claus.

"Shut up yer big mouth" bellowed Holly.
"But if you please" again began Santa
"Quiet, I say" roared Holly.

The warden was indeed confronted by a problem, the like of which he had never encountered in his many years in penology. Grasping the bull by the horns (for the reindeer were still on the roof, remember?) he had the costumed men parade before him, touching each one as he passed and marking a stroke on a pad of paper. When the last man had passed, Holly counted his marks. Forty-one!

"Lock these men in this room, guard, and we shall have to get in touch with the Commissioner." With these words, both Holly and Frost and Miss Le Toe left the room and the guard locked the door.

Left alone, the forty inmates and the real Santa Claus looked at each other.

"I say fellow, is that the treatment that big buzzard give you all the time?" asked Santa.

In a chorus the forty thieves explained their troubles to Santa, and how much they had to contend with. The tale of woe each poured out would have melted a mountain of stone, and Santa has a very soft heart. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he listened to the stories these contrite cons laid on — sorry, related to him. One had a poor sick mother who'd miss her mickey of gin on Christmas Eve, another had an ailing granny in the Mercer (we skip a couple of hundred years here, but literary license, you know) who'd love to have him visit her on Christmas Day: yet another had a friend waiting for him with a car at Le Tros whom he had promised to help change gears in his machinery. The stories continued until poor old Santa was quite bathed in tears, crocodile and otherwise.

"You poor, dear, unfortunate, misunderstood children" he cried: "I cannot interfere with the decision of the court, but by means of my magic sleigh and deer, I'm going to take you all back to Paris for this one Christmas, and I will leave it to your honour to come back the day after. Can I trust you kiddies to do this?"

"We will, we will, we will, oh dear, kind Santa, you know we will" shouted these happy, reformed rehabilitants.

"Quickly, now up the chimney you go" said Santa, shoving the first man into the fireplace: "Now you, and you, and you — ups a daisy."

When all forty were scrambling up the chimney and into his sled, Santa gave one last

look around the room, chuckled silently, then maked into the fireplace himself. Rejoining his freed friends in the sled at the gun-tower, he unfastened his lead deer and whipped up the prancing steeds to action. Up, up, up they went, into the clear purple night.

"I say, mate" said a guard in the gun-tower to his companion, "did you see a sleigh with Santa Claus in it?"

"Don't cop out on me, Bud, but I thought I saw about forty" replied the second custodian.

"I think I saw forty-one" replied the first: "powerful brew those kitchen boys make huh?"

So there, friends, is our Santa legend with a twist. Whether the boys returned or not,

we do not know, but at this season of the year, who could be grudge them their freedom? Poor old Santa, who has the whole wide world for his workshop and home, could not think of his boys being locked away for Christmas, so he gave them a break.

Santa Claustrophobia remains to this day in the same location, off the tip of Spanish Morocco, a spot of beauty in the blue Mediterranean.

Warden Holly went to his grave wondering where and how his men had escaped. In his latter years, living on his pension, he was known throughout the length and breadth of the island for his famous gardens, but we are inclined to think he kept constantly in his mind his forty jail birds who flew the coop. Else why did he plant Holly Hawks?



A CON'S CURRENT SENTENCE

of old complaints and fancied indignities, all laid to the electronic engineer. He went on: "And this morning when I called him to put some new bulbs in the Christmas tree outside and check the 'machine' over for the trial today, he said he would bring me a few bottles of beer and he knows I abhor alcohol, and he also knows how I feel about drinkers. He also informed me that he finally remembered where he had first met my wife. He claims she used to work out at Phoebe's Fun House — you know, that disreputable road-house on Highway Number Two? It's the one the Provincial police are always raiding. And when he did put new bulbs in the Christmas decorations on the tree they didn't light up like the others.

Continued from Page 25

They are funny, black bulbs — we'll have to get rid of him some way, Mr. Stevens, he annoys me: he is inefficient and undignified."

When the janitor grumblingly left the room, Mr. Stevens, the chief clerk removed the canvas cover from the 'machine' and unbolted the side plate to gain access to the mechanical part of the apparatus and started to examine the electronic tubes. There they stretched, row after row of black electronic tubes. At the end of the second bank of tubes there were three Christmas tree-type bulbs, made in the shape of twisted candles, red, green and blue. The clerk bolted the plate back on loosely: in his hand were the three Christmas tree ornamental bulbs. He was laughing.



UNTITLED

arrested Casey and Pete Burns. They claimed they had been missing a lot of coal. They kicked up a real fuss about it, too. I can't see why they are so flustered about it all — the power house was disabled and there was only about a half-ton of coal on the truck when they caught the two fellows loading it. Gosh, you would think to hear them scream we had stolen tons of the stuff: and we have Casey and Pete locked up in the guard room waiting for the Major to sentence them. If they were thieves, it wouldn't be so bad, but both those

Continued from Page 24

fellows are damned good men, very honest chaps.

I have spoken to the Lieutenant and he has promised to speak to the Major—try to square things around a bit. And I understand you knew the Old Man when he was Lieutenant. You did? Good, go and see him, will you, and put in the fix for the guys. After all, it was only half a ton of coal, it would never be missed: heck, you would think we had committed a crime the way people behave.

LAMBLINGS

by Rick Windsor

My star of the month goes to the versatile singing of Chris Connor.. Born in Kansas City twenty-six years ago, she was the daughter of a professional violinist. Encouraged from the time of her birth she naturally became interested in the world of music. She did not take to the violin as her father had asked. Instead, she took lessons on the clarinet and played it rather well for a period of seven years. Not satisfied with this because it was not feminine enough, Chris decided to take up singing for a living. She started on this career at the University of Mis-souri. The band she joined was a Kenton-styled outfit and she sold herself to the public after her first song. Miss Connor did not attend this school but did work as a stenographer in nearby Jefferson City. She worked with this band until the members had all graduated and then she was left all by herself again. Packing here suitcase, she headed back from Kansas City and joined a band led by valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. This was a very short engagment for this young lady, as the job lasted but two months.

Still far from being discouraged, she left for New York City where she almost starved to death before she found work. Finally, in 1949, she auditioned for Claude Thornhill and was hired on the spot. She worked with this gentleman for a little more than two years, learning many little tricks that are so essential to a vocalist if he is to be successful. Leaving him for greener pastures, Chris joined the band of Jerry Wald in New Orleans and worked for a while at the Roosevelt Hotel. It was during this engagement she got the break she had searched for all those years. June Christie, a name singer in her own right with a style similar to that of Miss Connor, heard her singing with this band on a broadcast from the hotel. She informed the man she was working for and after he heard Miss Connor, he started negotiations to hire her to a contract. It was six months later when she finally accepted the job of singing with the gentleman who turned out to be none other than the great Stan Kenton. Chris had worked hard up to this point and after nine months with the Kenton band, decided to give up singing one night stands and break away from the band business.

*This brings us to the present day and the new styles of Chris Connor. Always wanting to sing with a small trio for a background, she finally got the chance and as a result of this chance meeting, she recorded the fabulous 'Lullaby of Birdland' that features such members as 'All About Ronnie, I Hear Music' and several others too numerous to mention in this column. Now Chris Connor is the happiest person in the world. Her own words are — and I quote— "I am not happy unless I am singing." This writer will go out on the limb and say she has one of the smoothest voices in the music world today. She sings with great feeling and when a person listens close he can almost feel the sensation that Miss Connor puts into the song. The only thing we disprove of in this young lady is the fact she can't make enough numbers for us to listen to. A salute, then, to the beautiful Chris Connor.

** ** ** **

To do a little ad lib, I would like to mention the fact that the Ink Spots are starting to come back to the popularity they enjoyed a few short years ago. A fine group of singers as well as terrific showmen. The way they acquired their name is rather humorous: their manager was trying to think of a name, the manger went to the desk, picked up a pen and started thinking of names that best suited the outfit. After an hour of thinking he shook the pen violently to show his disgust in his failure to select a title. Lo and behold — four drops of ink appeared on the blotter, and that turned out to be the name the group adopted. Thus "The Ink Spots."

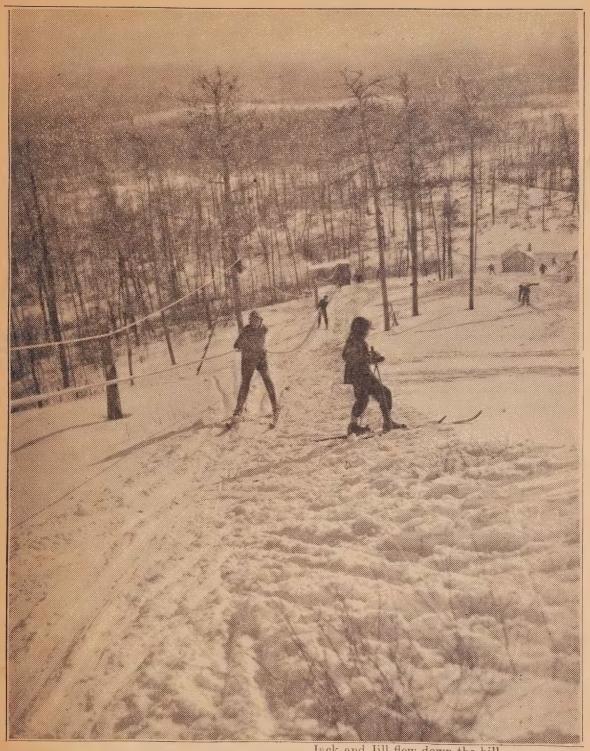
水水 水水 水水 水水 Featured on the Hit parade the past several weeks have been a few new voices and a new group. The Platters are doing very well and are following up My Prayer with two more hits that are destined to hit the top. Billie Doggett has finally been recognized in the music world with his hit of Honky Tonk, now on the Hit Parade. This same man has been going for a long time and is entitled to many to many many hits but has never yet clicked.
That's it for the month. 'Bye now.

666666

A Zombie has no mind of his own and walks around without knowing where he is going or what he is doing.....in large Canadian centers this also applies to Christmas shoppers.

For years we have listened to the entertainers singing the charms of a White Christmas. We trust and pray that one winter will finish those Blue Suede Shoes.

Silence is a fine jewel for a woman and we fully realize it is little worn. But can you imagine trying to convince one of this and make her wear it?



Skiers On The Hill-side
Anon.

Jack and Jill flew down the hill,
A pair of skiers happy:
A tree they met, and had a spill,
They're now stiff and sore like pappy.

KAMPUS KWEERIES



by "The Marshall"

Dear Kampus Claws:

How do Î go about getting an injunction to prevent the playing of "I'll Be Home For Christmas" and tell me why they insist on playing it.

I Won't Be

Dear How True:

Forget injunctions and go on with your sentence. The song was originally titled "I Can Dream Can't I" but was changed to its present title. For the life of me I can't see what you miss here other than a mantle through which Santa may climb, and he will be meeting you in the corridor on Christmas morning anyway. You may not recognise him, but keep on looking.

Me Too

Dear Kweeries:

This is the first Christmas I have ever been in jail and I am wondering if Santa Claus will know where I am. Would you suggest I write him and tell him I'm still a good boy? I only held up seventeen banks. Please let me know.

Baby Bandit

Dear Innocent:

By all means get permission to write Santa Claus. I would suggest, however, that you refrain from mentioning your illegal transactions, and Santa Claus may not know of them. There are no papers at the North Pole so untess some Eskimo gets word via dog-team, he will be none the wiser. You will just have to take your chances on him flying over this place and dropping some gift for you. In your letter tell him you were framed — everyone else does.

, Sorrowful Sam

Dear Kampers:

Do I hang up my sock on Christmas Eve in the peep-hole in my cell? Does Santa come down that passageway after midnight? Will he know where I sleep? This is my first Christmas here.

Anxious Artie

Dear Choke:

Yes, hang your sock by your peep-hole and then get into bed and cover up your head. Don't think Santa won't know where you sleep — he knows everything. When I was at the reformatory he paid us all a lovely visit and left each boy what he needed most. I got a season's pass to the hockey games but by the time I got out they had torn down the arena. There is a rumor going 'round that Santa did time, but don't you believe it — he can squeeze down chimneys so what good are bars?

Old Timer

Dear Kampus K:

I've always liked to be at home
On Christmas Day so happy,
But now I'm just an orphaned boy,
So won't you be my pappy?
Big Kid

Dear Baby:

Your letter touched my heart of stone,
I'll love you like a brother,
But pappy, no, I'm much to young,
Say kid, how old's your mother?
Gay Blade

Dear Mr. Kweeries:

Will we be getting all dressed up for Christmas'in here? I'd like to wear something real gay for that day and I have a bright red tie out front. Should I approach the Warden do you think?

Francis Frogpuss

Dear Goggly:

Don't tip off your duke to me, buster, I'm just not interested. Wait for Valentine's Day and then you can be Queen of the Flowers. If

you see Santa on Christmas Day don't get any ideas because he wears a red suit. You're a naughty, naughty, naughty boy. By the way, what's your beef — or should I ask?

Regusted

Dear Kampers:

In 1950 I was in Burwash, in '51 at Guelph, in '52 at Stony, in '53 at Dorchester, '54 at Sing Sing, '55 at Alcatraz and this year here. Is there no way to stay out of these joints? Do you think my record is bad?

Perpetual Pete

Dear Petah:

Your record's not bad — it's the worst! How come you've skipped the Mercer and Devil's Island? Frankly, I don't think you like it outside so I'd suggest you get in touch with Crime & Time, Penal Booking Agents, and have them arrange a suitable tour for you whereby you won't hit the same prison twice. I hear there are a couple of choice spots in the Sahara and Siberia. Keep hoping — you'll make them yet.

Amateur Arsonist

Dear Old Pale of Mine:

Everyone spends his time writing silly questions to you — not me, though. I want to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy Circulation-Soaring New Year, yes sir! May you have all the best and plenty of good health and I hope the Minister of All Good Things gives you a pardon.

P.S. I cannot pay you the tobacco I owe you

until after Easter.

Your Pal — Pete the Sneak

Dear Sneak:

You are no pal of mine — at least not until you pay me the seventy packages of weed you owe me. How do you think I will be able to last until Easter? I have smoked all my cell broom, and I'm now starting to roll dust. How could I have been so stupid as to believe all that tobacco I was loaning you was going to your dear old granny in the Mercer!!! Never again. I do appreciate your good wishes for a Merry Christmas, but unless I get that tobacco long, long before Easter, it won't be the circulation that is soaring — it will be my blood pressure. The best wish I can offer you is — don't ever let me catch you in a dark corner.

Non-Smoker (by fate)

Dear Santa:

Is this Rudolph the Red Nosed Rainier any relation to the gambler who married that Kelly girl from Philadelphia?

Michael X. Kelly, (the X is for Xavier, as in Cugat)

Dear Michael Xavier:

Sure an' it's a rale pleashur to be hearin' from one of the Kelly clan, and I'm thinkin' it should be spelled O'Kelly. I do not understand why you couple the X in your name with that of any foreign name, for shurrrr an' it's a proud clan you Kellys are. Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer — whom I suppose you mean — is no relation to the Rainier who married one of the Kelly girls from Philly. To the best of my knowledge, based on hours of research, that Monogesque is a descendent of a North American Indian named Chief Rainin-the-Face. When the early French explorers came to Illinois, they franchised (get it?) the Indians and gave them names with a French twist. When they first voted, Rain-in-the-Face voted as Rainier, and it has been thus ever since. Later, when the Post Office Department was set up, Rain-in-the-Face the First — or Rainier as it had now become was appointed Postmaster-General in-Charge-Of-Nothing and his descendents have ruled postage stamp kingdoms ever since. The tinkle of coins at the tables of Monte Carlo was too unsure, so the present ruler thought best to latch on some real good, solid, American dollars and Irish whiskey — a failing of ALL Europeans — hence the union of Rudolph and Miss Kelly. The groom's father-in-law, being a hard-headed American business man, doesn't like the 'rain' in Rainier, so insists on calling him Ranier. We have it on good authority that the heir — if, as and when he arrives — will be called Also Ran.

Sean O'Leprechaun

Velly Honollable Edituh:

Me here fo' fust Chlistmas. You likee me in yo' li'l old countly?

Hung Low Long

'ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo 'Ung:

Velly nice yo' wlite yo' ol' fliend Cholly — yo' nice little man. Melly Chlistmas and Happy New Yea. Me likee Chinee food too, velly good.

Oo La Muh Downtown



MERRY CHRISTMAS



ERCIVAL T. Snatchgelt sat solidly behind his half acre of polished teakwood desk and stared off into space. He was a decided success, everything he touched became gold. his huge corporations made money from the day they were founded. He outclassed any one or any group of Texas millionares: he, in the language of 'the street' was made.

This particular day in December he was thinking of his island in the Mediterranean. Here, in a beautiful setting, with a perfect climate, in a skillfully remodelled and modernized ancient castle, chatelained by the beautiful Countess de la Puta, he took his leisure time. He was going over in his mind how he would spend the Twenty-Fifth of December on his island. This was Percival T. Snatchgelt's one obsession — he always referred to Christmas as the Twenty-Fifth of December — just another day to him, and insisted that all his employees think the same.

He refused to read advertisements with a Christmas flavour, he forbade his underlings to mention the day in his presence: he disliked the day and everything about it. It detracted from him and he could not stand for anything or any event to overshadow himself: he had to be the centre of attraction at all times, bowed to, kowtowed to, looked up to and venerated.

This Christmas Day and Santa Clause nonsense turned people's heads, changed their perspective, and Mr. Snatchgelt didn't receive as much attention as he was used to. The Christmas season played him down — this was not good. He spent many thousands of dollars each year on the best public relation people to build him up—make him the centre of attraction. He would not recognise a day that was bigger than himself.

On this day, when we find him in his vast office, staring off into space, he had just fired three vice-presidents for asking if they could have Christmas Day off. They wanted to spend the day with their families. Percival T. had not only fired them but his personal secretary had orders to blacklist the three rebels to every corporation, company, factory

and hamburg stand in the country. Where previously they had belonged to the most exclusive town and country clubs in the land, it was from this day on, doubtful iif they would be able to buy a small beer in the most rundown bar on the continent. Percival T. has power!

He was scheduled to leave for his island in the Mediterranean on the 23 rd of December by way of his own private four-motor transport. His personal pilot, co-pilot, radio operator and steward had been alerted: the plane was stocked, gassed, checked over, and all was in readiness twenty four hours before. But the best laid plans of mice and men oft go astray: at the last moment Percival T. was held up on a conference, a matter of some great importance, and it was midnight of the 23rd before he took off.

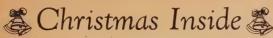
The weather report they received at the airport was not exactly favourable, but his navigator figured he could fly over the Antlantic. The storm brewed up to full demoniacal fury, nature unlimbered all her heavy guns. This was a real barrage of wind, rain and electrical discharge. And to add to the troubles facing the crew of the aircraft, the radio went dead: try what he would the harassed radio man could not raise a sound from the expensive equipment.

The pilot flew south, all the time attempting to gain altitude and either fly over the storm or out of it. The aircraft's captain knew his business and he certainly tried every trick in the book: in fact, this night he wrote some new tactics into the volume of survival flying.

The navigator kept studious track of every move the pilot made, each shift of course was recorded and he kept up a running log of air speed, R.P.Ms., fuel consumption, altitude, etc. The day of the 24th was dark, cloudy and stormy, and by noon there was no chance to get a sun shot. So on they flew by compass and dead reckoning.

By nightful the storm cleared away and the stars appeared. They were flying over land now. All they needed was an airport with lights. The radio was still silent and there was no way of knowing whether their signals were being received or not. However, the radio man continued to send urgent calls to have any airport in the immediate area turn on their lights.

Now that they felt slightly reassured and knew they had reached land, another compli-



Rick Windsor

上するするするととする

HAT does Christmas mean to a man in prison? If it were possible to explain each individual's emotional feeling, I would do so, gladly.

Christmas inside to many is just another day. Many greet the holiday as chance to catch up on some rest — others look forward to the Christmas parcels they have purchased. The majority sit back in the lonely confines of their cells and think of their families. Wives, mothers, fathers — their children too— all are with them again. Certainly not in reality but these people are definitely with them in their own land of make-believe. They are, so to speak, 'back in their living rooms', opening presents for their children, standing under the misletoe with loved ones, etc.

For the rest of the men it is a time for some serious thinking, wondering if this will be their last time in the big house. For all it is a day of worship in their respective churches — Christ's birthday — a day to offer prayers of a special significance for our parents, relatives





MERRY CHRISTMAS

cation came up to give them concern. The number one engine quit with a grinding shudder and by the time the pilot got the prop feathered to reduce the drag, the other motor on that wing gave up. There they were flying on two motors and rapidly losing height. In the distance the lights of a small town glistened and twinkled — to these the pilot headed. All the while the big ship was losing altitude.

At last the pilot could hold her up no longer: he circled back over the town and started to set her down. The terrain was boulder-strewn and at the first touch of wheels to earth the ship somersaulted and split: the remaining gas ignited and away the great plane went in a puff of flame and billowing black smoke.

The village folks found their way out to

and friends. In all, it is a very sacred day.

It also brings letters and Christmas cards with the rounds of the mailman, cards that are put on the tables for all to see and know that someone cares.

A special show is given as a token by the Inmate Committee.

Here at The Bay we are allowed to eat in the corridor for Christmas Dinner, a gesture which I know is appreciated by the entire prison. It is hard for some people to digest the fact, but this little privilege boosts the average man's morale. He feels that he is a human being again on this special day and not just a number.

Christmas adds warmth to the hearts of the cold prison inmates: it adds sparkle to the eyes of men that have showed nothing but emptiness for the past several months: it brings many smiles to many many faces that have been blank over the entire year. Men, usually silent, offer Christmas greetings to anyone they may pass in the corridors.

Christmas inside is an experience never to be forgotten, yet men return time and time again to the confines of a prison.

In closing, I pray that this Christmass may be the last one inside for all, yet in my heart I fear that some will again suffer this harrowing experience—'Christmas inside.'





the big, wrecked, fire-blackened ship in the morning. Their comments were quite in keeping with their tiny village life. They talked as they searched the wreck for the remains of the passengers and crew.

One old man, obviously one of the village elders stood up and straightened his back after his labours, and said to the others: "Everyone has his own way of celebrating Christmas — these poor people who now lie dead were hurrying to their homes. Probably loved ones wait for them. They will never see their families again. So gather here, my friends, and relatives, and we shall say for the families of these poor unfortunate dead what they cannot say. We shall wish them, in heaven where they must be, A Merry Christmas."

Pass The Kleenex Tillie

KEITH MUNRO

HERE are times when the future looks bleak and miserable to the convict, and to overcome this morose outlook, a man should look back on the good things that have happened. It helps you to face the realities and hopes of the future—providing you use common sense: that offspring of good, old-fashioned horse sense. It is the habit of some men to bitch and beef over another man's predicament or lot when the incident or person involved has no bearing on their lives. In prison, this is a fact!

There was a time when prisoners were considerate of their fellow-man's private life and intimacies. Now-a-days, the vogue seems to veer towards non-constructive criticism: to be blunt, it's down-right slimy. But we should consider what produces slime to understand the reason for such a situation. Uncirculated backwaters are the common cause of slime in one sense, and when referring to prisoners who harbour petty dislikes, the description seems to fit also. How is this nauseous type of shortcoming bred? What makes these people so vulnerable to these despicable deceits?

Many times, the cause for moaning and complaining over unimportant things results from indolency, or inactivity—nothing better to do. When you find yourself indifferent to your surroundings and the people with whom you must live, then it's time you awakened and got wise to yourself. You're the one who's suffering—not the guy you're complaining about. One man that I know has quite a psychological approach to this sort of thing. He maintains that as long as some bitcher is cutting him up, he's leaving someone else alone. Nice way to look at it, but very unpopular.

There is much to be said for criticism, but the type that is not constructive should be left with the destructive person. They cannot help themselves, they won't accept help, and they do not wish to see another person benefit from being helped. The man who catches the ear of another inmate and proceeds to 'cut-up' some prisoner is a breeder, a cheap seducer of minds, morals and construction. He lends his unworthy motives to a cheap cause.

There have been situations arise when a man is dissatisfied with his working conditions and cell location, and proceeds to use the shoulder of the man next to him as a head rest. Or he doesn't like Joe Blow on the opposite side — never stopping to consider that somebody else does. His approach to such situations is enough to shame a Jewish crier at the Wailing Wall. His tales of woe and persecution are enough to break the heart of a celery stalk. This is the type of prisoner who has few friends, few listeners and no results. This is the man who is trying to make someone else do time for him.

It is not easy to shake time. This we realize. But there is no reason why a man should make his imprisonment tougher than it is. If you're not considerate of the next man, how can you expect him to be respectful of your needs? It's a game of give-and-take. If you're one of the type who just likes to take, then you are also the 'Joint Crier'. If you have problems, stop and think them out for yourself—just once—give the man next to you a break. He's only issued with one handkerchief a week also. Keeping yourself occupied with constructive projects and diversified recreation serves to educate. Education is one element of which we are all in desperate need.

Don't think for one minute that you are the only man with problems. There are 449 other prisoners in the same boat. And if you would care to pry, you'd find that there were 449 bigger problems than you possess. The man in the next cell is not constructively interested in your marital problems. If your wife is divorcing you, that's your fault. You should consider these things before entering strange bedrooms. Someone sick at home? Too bad, but you can do them no good by moaning about it. It's not going to cure them or your cellmates from their miseries.

You need money badly? Why worry about it? Your earning power is drastically limited, and there is no place available from which you could steal a large amount. Besides, that would entail another risk and more worries.

Too much time is spent by men in prison worrying about the irrelevant things and not enough time to planning constructively. We, as prisoners, are in no position to correct any flaws that exist—except in dealing with ourselves. The only one that can correct your shortcomings is you! To prove it, take a good look in the mirror next time.



Grandad

was a

Wino

Ray Smith

HE judge looked down on the prisoner at the bar and said: "Tom. in the past sixty years you have spent twenty Christmases in jail, and here you are back two days before Christmas — looking for another free Christmas dinner. You are charged with being drunk. Have you anything to say Tom? I suppose you want the whole winter in jail?"

The prisoner was a young eighty-two and sat in an old and worn tweed overcoat. Yes, he was at the bar, but not the type of bar to which he was accustomed — but a bar that could still leave him with a hangover! He looked around the court from bright eyes surrounded by white whiskers.

Tom rose to his feet, and in that low but distinct voice of the aged, said: "Your Honour, if the court has time for an old man at Christmastide, I would like to pass on a few words of wisdom and place a request before the court."

Judge Rupert sensed a dramatic scene coming, and said:

"Go on, Tom."

"Your Honour Mr. Judge, I'm an old man and have like as not spent more time on the inside than you have on the outside. But back some years ago I, too, was an industrious workman, a loving husband, and a tender father. Yes, today I stand before you a wino and a bum. But, Your Honour, in eighty-two years of living, this is the first time I have stood before the bar of justice — innocent."





REELIN' & DEALIN Continued from Page 17 lac old man?... Christmas falls for guys and do'ls — for the men behind the walls, and even though we have no beer we must send out our Christmas cheer. Merry Christmas fellows! (and girls)... Until next month, this is Bill and Rick dealing this month's thirty.

A smile crossed the judge's face and the court began to snicker. The old man in the dock just bobbed his head and said: "Yes, Mr. Judge, I'm innocent. Please allow me to explain."

"Go on, Tom."

"My oldest boy is married and has three fine children. It being Christmas and all I thought I should pay them a visit. Well, I stood on the sidewalk in front of my boy's home and there, in the front room, I could see the family fixing the Christmas tree: the kiddies were having a wonderful time. I knew right there and then I could not enter the house looking like the bum I am, so with four cents in my pocket and with tears in my eyes I staggered away: it was then the police car picked me up."

"I wasn't drunk, Your Honour, just a tired and weary old man. A few minutes ago, in the tank, I told my story to the boys I've shared Bingo with over the years, and they took up a collection and gave me fourteen dollars and eighteen cents to buy Christmas gifts for my grandchildren."

"And as a word of wisdom, if you ever hit skid row, share your Bingo with the Bo on the beat. And the request, Your Honour, may I go see my boy for Christmas?"

Judge Rupert looked down at the papers on his desk and said: "Case dismissed."

As old Tom stepped from the box he looked over the crowd, and with a twinkle in his eyes, he said:

"Merry Christmas, World."

000



Remorse,

37

Those dry Martinis were too much for me,
Last night, I really felt immense,
To-day I feel like thirty cents;
It is no time for mirth and laughter
In the cold gray dawn of the morning after.
George Ade



Editor's

Musings

HAT better way to start the column in December than by wishing each and everyone A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year. We hope all you good people get exactly what you want from Saint Nicholas and have a solid year of health, happiness and wealth ahead of you.

The Diamond has had a very good year and we place the credit for much of our progress to the interest of many unselfish people on the outside. Miss Anne Francis of the C.B.C., Miss Dora V. Conover of The Farmer's Advocate and Canadian Countryman, Miss Helen MacNamara of The Toronto Evening Telegram, Mr. Arnold Edinborough of The Kingston Whig Standard, Mr. K. Thompson of The Thompson Publication Co. The Whig Standard Engraving Co of Kingston, Mr. A. Edmison of Queen's University, Kingston, Mr. J.V. Mc-Aree of The Globe & Mail, Toronto, Dr. Arthur E. Runnells of The John Howard Society, Mr. L.D. Cook; the Printing Instructor of Kingston Penitentiary, Mr. E. Gilchrist, Postmaster of Kingston, Ont. These are but a few of the people on the outside who have taken an interest in our welfare, for which we are deeply grateful. The Penal Press Circuit must also be thoroughly thanked, for without their support there would be no advance made. So as we have always said there are more people ready to help than to hinder and it certainly makes a man feel good to know them.

This issue we have tried to make completely Christmas, we have purposely avoided any serious articles on penological subjects, for we feel you good folks have put up with us for the past year absorbing the serious articles we have placed before you, this one issue we shall make light and holidayish. We would not want to detract from your Yule-tide enjoyment by some article or short subject not in keeping with the festive season. So, do not get the idea that the Diamond is becoming soft, 'tis the Christmas season. Boy oh boy, we can hardly wait for the new year, (the present editor will be back in 'the free world' then,) and the new editor will be able to get back

into every-day penal grist.

The "pat-on-the-back" for the month of December goes, and we feel everyone will agree with us, to Rick Windsor, the Diamond's sport writer. Rick writes Radio Ramblings as well as sport and is always willing to lend a hand to any chore that has to be done. The hair-cuts he gives in the barber-shop are always of an excellence and he does his own time. Many newcomers to the Bay would do well to copy Rick's way of doing things, Mr. Greatrix please take note, we have given the tonsorial parlour a mention.

We have just finished reading the November issue of The Presidio, the inmate publication of the Iowa State Penitentiary, Fort Madison, Iowa. And as usual after we finished reading it and had finished with remarks such as: "This magazine is laid out better than any professional effort I have ever seen." ... "Just take a look at that paper." Etc, Etc, Etc. We decided that a remark from Leaves from a Lifer's Notebook just about summed the situation up. We quote, "Because he's no fool John will probably concede, to himself, that his end was inevitable, but he probably won't admit it to many. Instead he'll growl and gripe the same old story, over and over, and probably end by doing his time and going back home and completing the cycle all over again. "Tom Runyon will, in all likelihood, agree with our guest editorial of October.

We also know a "confused cat", he occasionally visits our office and takes possession of the place. One day our fish bowl was on the desk and the cat spent a very confused half hour attempting to reach through the glass and put the arm on the Diamond's pet guppy. For the full half hour he insisted on trying to push his paw through the thick glass, it never entered his head to reach over the top and do it the easy way. All it required was a little extra effort and stretch to save pounding head and paws against the unyielding glass jar. However at last report he still enjoys sardines.

In the latest issue of The Transition we see

Continued on Page 42



A Bottle Full Of Christmas



Keith Munro

LD Pat Marshall dazedly walked along Brighton Street towards the railway yards. His brain and stomach were afire, and convulsive shakes limelighted him in the crowd that milled on the street.

"I've got to get enough money for a bottle." mused Pat, "else they'll have to book me in the hospital again. Tomorrow's Christmas and the wine stores will be closed all day. Oh God, I'm sick."

Climbing the low fence enclosure at the railway yeards, Pat made his way to a jungle clearing. There, stooped around a fire on the snow-covered ground were five other men. They glanced at Pat and one said: "You look rough Pat."

"I feel it," he replied. "Anybody got a drink? I'm dying."

One of the other Rubs passed over a very small bottle.

"What is it?" Pat asked as he reached for the bottle.

-"Rub," replied the Donor.

Pat took a stiff belt of the liquid fire and made a wry face.

"Man that's good! Anybody got any money?" Pat inquired.

The five pairs of eyes ogled one another — each wondering what the other had.

"I've got twelve," offered one derelict.

"I've got sixty-two," volunteered another.

When the total count was taken there was one dollar and eighty-nine cents.

"Who's going to walk the mile to the wine store?" one man asked.

"Seein's how I didn't have any money to pool, I will," offered Pat.

Each man looked furtively at the volunteer and then at one another.

"You wouldn't cross us, would you Pat?" asked a red, myopic-eyed individual.

"You know me," Pat replied. "Have I ever held out on you guys when I had money? Did you ever hear of me double-crossing anyone?"

"No." they suspiciously admitted.

"Well then?" queried Pat with an injured air.

"Are you sure they'll sell to you?" one man asked. "You haven't shaved in years — you look like Santa Clause. Why don't you have that mangy white beard cut off?"

A few minutes later, Pat was hurrying through the slum district of the city to his favourite wine store. It was the only one that would allow him to enter the premises for it catered to the rub-artist. It was getting late in the evening and Pat knew that he must hurry if he was to make it before the store closed for the Christmas holiday.

Wending his way down the rubble-strew sidewalks and foul-smelling tenamented streets, Pat rushed around a corner and nearly bowled over a little girl.

"Excuse me, sir," the little girl said as Pat laid his hands on her shoulders to prevent her from falling to the pavement. "I was just window-shopping and shouldn't have been standing so far out on the sidewalk."

Pat looked at this little creature dressed in ill-fitting, patched clothes.

"That's all right kid," Pat said. "Is Santa coming tonight?"

"I don't think so. My father isn't working and we're on relief. Mom says that he can't be bothered with us this year."

Pat looked at the pale, beauty-starved face of this little slip of a child. Memories of childhood Christmases came floating back—days that were the happiest in his life.

"What would you like Santa to bring you if he could come?" Pat asked.

"I was just looking at that beautiful doll in the window. That's what I'd ask him for," replied the little girl.

Pat gazed at the showcase doll which was marked at one dollar and ninety-eight cents. Pat's stomach was beginning to burn again. The thought of the wine brought inner pangs of guilt to his pain-wracked body.

"I can't buy her that doll," he conscienced.
"I'm nine cents short of the price. And besides, the money isn't mine."

Pat glanced into the starlit eyes of this little ragamuffin and said: "Wait right her, honey."

Then, without another word he marched into the store.

The salesman-owner of the store approached with questioning eye.

"Is there something I can do for you?" he querried doubtfully.

"Could you reduce the price on that doll to a dollar and eighty-nine cents?" pleaded Pat. "It's all the money I have left and it's for a special present."

The owner looked at Pat with a quizzical frown and said: "I suppose I could. But don't tell anyone that I cut my prices this once or my regular customers will get sore."

Pat handed the man the money and marched triumphantly into the street. The little girl watched him through the shop window and was bug-eyed as he approached her with the doll.

"Here, take it," said Pat, handing the little girl the doll. Then abruptly he turned and started to march for the nearest police station, so that he would have shelter for the night before they had to take him to the hospital next morning. He knew he'd be in bad shape by then. It was only a matter of hours. He could be booked as a vagrant at the station until they transferred him to the D.T. ward at the Alcoholic Centre.

As Pat was walking up the street, the store owner came running after him. "Hey, wait a minute," he yelled.

Pat turned and looked back. When he saw that store owner running after him, he started to run. Hell, he didn't want to get charged for something he didn't do — no matter what. Being pinched for getting drunk wasn't bad, but this guy was hollering at him. But Pat proved to be no match for the healthier man and was soon overtaken.

"Mister," panted the store owner, "don't be afriad of me. I won't hurt you. I watched what what you did with that doll. How much money have you got? Enough for a flop or a bottle?"

"Nothing," Pat murmured embarrassedly.

"In all my years of earning a living in this slummed-up district, I've never seen anyone do a thing for the kids down here."

"Look mister," Pat replied, "I'm sick and must be going. Don't bother me with your fine ideas of decency or the Christmas spirit. I don't believe in them. Just because I went and made a crazy move like that doesn't mean a thing."

The owner looked at Pat and said: "You want something to drink?"

"I need a drink bad," moaned Pat.

The owner drew a ten-dollar bill from his pocket and said: "It's the best I can do. Merry Christmas!"

Pat stared at the 'Ten-Spot' and began walking very briskly to the wine store. They were just closing as he got to the door.

"Sorry, we're closed now," the man said.

Fear emblazoned itself across Pat's face.

"For God's sake, sell me just one bottle—please," Pat wailed.

The clerk knew Pat as a regular, and seeing the shape he was in, decided to let him in.

"How much can I get for ten dollars?" Pat asked.

"Twelve bottles of 'Red Leg'" the clerk replied.

Leaving the store with his heavy bundle, Pat rushed to the nearest alley and killed a bottle. Thus fortified, he preceded to the 'Jungle' and his cronies. There was a dejected look on the faces of the men as they saw Pat staggering in the camp.

"Where's our booze?" one man raged.

"He's drank it," another screamed.

They jumped on Pat and beat him unmercifully.

"Dirty robber!" one man yelled.

"Give it to him," another roared.

Suddenly, one of the men spied the parcel which had dropped to the snow-covered ground. It had an open corner that exposed the contents of the parcel.

"Stop! Stop!" he yelled. "Look at the booze!"

Pat came to from the wine burning his cut lips as his attackers tried to revive him with a bottle.

"We're sorry Pat," one man volunteered. We thought you had taken us."

"That's okay fellas," Pat murmured. "Let's all have a drink."

As the fire roared with fresh fuel—mirroring the shadows of six men stooped around its heat with bottles in their hands, Pat Marshall peered through swollen eyes at each man speculatively and then his thoughts drifted back to the events that happened earlier in the evening. Lifting his bottle in a salute to the other drinkers, Pat said: "Merry Christmas, everybody."



Christmas

· Eman comes.

Bill Jones

N the life of every living human, no one day means as much as Christmas Day. Oh yes, there are graduations, and birthdays, and weddings, and anniversaries, but for the oldest and the youngest, Christmas stands unchallenged as the great day of the year—and every year. With your indulgence, and we hope interest, we should like to put some of our thoughts about this day on paper.

To the Christian world, of course, Christmas is the birth day of the Infant Jesus, He who gives our every waking and sleeping moment meaning. Unlike Good Friday, when the masses attend churches of their choice in a spirit of reverence and compassion for the death of their Saviour, the same billion people in every land under the face of the sun, prince and pauper alike, salute Christmas with the same reverence but coupled with joy and thanksgiving. The very air is filled with music glorifying God in the highest and a sense of peace and goodwill to all. May this happy glorification of His birthday never be removed from the hearts of men so long as they are created in His image.

Entirely aside from the religious aspect of this greatest day, let us consider first the children in a household. What strange magic fills the air when a veritable baby who has barely learned "mummy" and "daddy" can gurgle out "Santy?" How is it possible that a child just approaching his first or, at longest, second birthday, gets caught up in the mad maelstrom of excitement that pervades every word and action for some weeks before this day

Strangely enough, regardless of age, everyone in a happy household is a child at Christmas. The secrecy that surrounds gift purchasing and wrapping, the cooking and smells that permeate the air, the decoration of the tree and windows, dorways and mantle, all indicate the excitement and abandon that mark the child in every man and women. A source of inspiration is tapped in every mother as December 25th approaches, and the delicacies and treats that come from bake-pan

and candy-pot are as dazzling in novel appearance as they are exciting to the taste.

In many homes, too, is grandfather or grandmother. Many, many such times have they gone through this merry season, as young lovers, young newlyweds, young parents. Watch their faces when a tree is being decorated, or a grandchild pays a visit, or a gift is handed them from the pile at the bottom of the tree. Here truly is a whole lifetime relived in the fleeting hours of one more Christmas.

It has been the writer's good fortune to come from a home where love and understanding were abundant but money sometimes tight—a happy home. One may wonder how Christmas could be happy when funds were low, but as at no other time in the year, our hearts were light and singing with the joy of watching others in more fortunate circumstances live every minute of this glorious season to the full. No sacrifice was too great to permit the exchange of some token of love and respect and admiration at this festive season.

Have you not noticed young, laughing couples entering and leaving gaily lighted doorways as they take their places in the mass visiting and gift-giving round that marks every Christmas Eve? Later, too, these same young lovers may very frequently be seen entering churches in a spirit of reverence to pay homage to the wonderful gift that has been bestowed on them in their discovery of each other. This simple visit will be spoken about on each succeeding Christmas Eve so long as either may live. The well-spring of everything that is good and noble and sublime is tapped each year in every heart at Christmas-time.

Who is not familiar with that lovely old song 'Home Sweet Home?' The last two lines are particularly beautiful in our opinion —

Be it ever so humble, There's no place like home. Christmas is, of all days in the year, the day when thoughts of every man and woman turn to home. Yes, there are many wanderers on the face of the earth many wayward men, many unfortunates seemingly adrift. No matter where he may be, nor how deeply afflicted or sadly sorrowing, the thoughts of every man turn longinly to the home he had, or might have had, and he thinks of those who loved him and watched over him before misfortune struck. At such times the lonely miser would scatter his hoarded gold to live once again those happy days of childhood, the beggar would be a king if he could but re-enter the shabby house he called home, wherein love dwelt.

Yes, there is the poignant side to Christmas. A man we knew who had everything in the world in material possessions, everything in fact to give peace and contenment, lacked but one thing — the one thing that gives meaning to life — someone to love who loved him. Each year he followed the starlings of wealth to Florida or Merico — but alone. As he drove behind his chauffeur one Cristmas afternoon to the airport to enplane for a three-month vacation in Florida, he passed along some poor streets where children were playing with snowmen and displaying new skates and hockevisticks and bright red mitts, all Christmas gifts. He ordered his car stopped and called several of the children to him. There were six in the group and after asking them several questions, he learned they were all related though from four different cities. They told him their families always got together on Christmas as that was 'family day.' He asked one little girl what she would do if she met someone who had no family, and the youngster replied: "Nobody is that poor!" The millionaire, in a husky voice, ordered his chauffer to proceed. Need we guess where his thoughts

were at that moment?

The old people, too, live in the past on Christmas Day. It has been very wisely said that joy and sorrow are closely akin, and who knows what thoughts are passing through the minds of these oldsters as they watch their grandchildren rapturously until parcels on Christmas morning? Are they thinking of themselves sixty years before? Are they thinking of their very own children thirty years earlier? Are they thinking of someone — that only one someone — with whom they shared a first Christmas in their own home, be it one room or a mansion? Wherever in their past their minds may wander, their thoughts on this day are of love and happy times — they are young again.

It is a matter of record that during World War Two it was forbidden to play Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" at any American army camp overseas. Is this so surprising? No, regardless of what a man may be doing every other day in the year or how thoughtless, careless or evil his actions, on this day the spark of goodness is ignited by thoughts of home and loved ones. In this case of G.I. Joe, it was recognised that the music from this great song would conjure up pictures of home that would cause suffering and homesickness of an intensity to be almost unbearable.

So, readers, of such stuff is Christmas made. When you read these lines we hope you think of us away from home. We are thinking of home and when we, too, are home again. It is a pleasure to be longer delayed by some than others, but at least each Christmas Day brings us one year closer to the dream that is cherished above all others in every heart in this institution. You can take our sincere word for one thing — there is nothing in the world that means as much as Christmas — at home.



THE EDITOR'S MUSINGS

a picture of our old friend Thomas Fung, in tennis garb no less. We remember him fondly from the west coast and recall his deep interest in the University of British Columbia, he used to keep the switch-board very busy there. And we are indebted to him for our few words of Chinese, even though they did get us in quite an argument in Toronto's

Continued from Page 38

China-town. Still can't see him as a tennis player though.

We shall be able to enjoy ice-skating this winter, the sports committee have permission to flood an area for the sport of balance. There is a very strong rumour that the Diamond's associate editor is going to send home for his "bob-skates".

Christmas Message

Once again the time of year has arrived when I extend to each one of you the Season's greetings. It is most difficult to wish you a Happy Christmas but I do hope you will have as nice a Christmas as possible under the circumstances. The administration will do their utmost to make it as pleasant as possible for you. I extend to you my best wishes for the coming year and hope that 1957 will see as many as possible of you, reunited with your families.

Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, Warden

May I take this occasion to wish you all a pleasant Xmas. I trust it will not be too long before the most of you are reunited with your families and loved ones. I will not be in Collin's Bay this Xmas so may I take this opportunity to wish you all the best in the years ahead.

D.M. McLean, Deputy Warden

Owing to the promotion of Deputy-Warden D.M. McLean, to the post of Warden at Dorchester Penitentiary, we therefore, take this opportunity and space to offer our congratulations to Mr. McLean on his promotion and wish him success and prosperity in his new endeavour.

The Staff

My sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas — a Happy New Year to all men at Collin's Bay.

I sincerely wish that this Christmas will be a joyous one, and that the New

Year will bring health and happiness to all of you.

May God take care — protect your loved ones until you meet again.

At this time, I would like to thank the Sports Committee for the effort during the past year. Their co-operation made our Sport programme a real success.

Herbert Field, Chief Keeper

Christmas is a historical fact which tells us of the birth of a baby in Bethlehem of Judea. Certain details surrounded the event such as the shepherds' surprise, the angelic choir and the visit of the magi to a manger stall. The child's name was Jesus.

But Christmas was no ordinary occasion, happy though the birth of a baby may be. Christmas was God breaking into history, the history of man upon the earth. There was a great purpose and a wonderful plan behind it. God desired to relate Himself to His children. He could not do it by remaining apart from them. So He came to be with them in His Son. He did this because He loved them.

Here, Christmas is a Festival Of Love — God's love for us — our love for others. In the first setting of a family, that love is manifested in a home, the parents love for their children and the childrens' love for parents. Then the love broadens out until finally it encompasses the world. If we miss the spirit of love in our hearts, we miss Christmas in its true meaning.

With that love comes joy and happiness as its expression and so we say Merry Christmas.

May we all feel that Divine love for us and then share it with our loved ones and pass it along to others. In that way, the joy and peace of Christmas becomes our own.

God Bless all our families and our loved ones. May Christmas be a time of blessing for us all. On the first Christmas they worshipped the child Jesus. Let us worship too, the Saviour Christ for He loves us all.

Every good wish for you and yours.

Minto Swan, Protestant Chaplain

Though much is done for the men here at Collin's Bay to make their Christmas a happy one, there is a certain void, an emptiness, that cannot be filled even with a generous Christmas parcel, or by the efforts of the kitchen staff, for this emptiness is in the heart.

Nothing from the exterior can substitute for the blessings of home and loved ones, for the knowledge of being wanted and cared for.

To a great extent, then, each man is thrown back on his own resources, to provide for himself the peace and happiness we associate with this time of year.

Perhaps it will surprise some to hear that by simple expedient of having their minds dwell lovingly upon the original meaning of Christmas, peace and happiness will settle upon them in a manner undreamed of before. Much of the emptiness of their Christmas day will disappear when their minds embrace the scene at Bethlehem where the Divine Child, newly born into this cold world of ours, lies swaddled close and warm, to the breast of His loving Mother.

This scene can be dwelt upon, and the Son and Mother can be spoken to, literally to our heart's content.

Here we have an ample replacement in the category of love for all that is missed by our man confined here, if each one will allow those beams of love, emanating from the Crib, to find their resting place in his own heart.

F.M. Devine, S.J. Catholic Chaplain

The Staff of the Diamond wish to extend their Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and Prosperous New Year to their many friends within and without the institution. Your kind support has permitted us to carry on our operations through the year, and trust that our endeavours throughout the coming year with meet with your approval.

Charles Downs William Huddlestone Keith Munro Rick Windsor Bill Jones



I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind for-giving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say "God bless Christmas." —Charles Dickens

Advertising is the mouthpiece of business and at Christmas time it really shouts.

It is good to be children sometimes and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself.

—Dickens

Theophrastus once said: Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend. We would certainly like to see him try to do his Christmas shopping using this old adage.









Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

From













Merry Christmas

DIAMOND

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Joyeux Roel